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THE OLDEST THEATRE NOW IN BOSTON.*

NOTHING is a surer indication of the prosperity of a city than the duration and patronage of its theatres. The number of these institutions has so increased in Boston that our city may fairly claim to be the most theatrical metropolis of the universe. Even London, the largest city in the world, with a population of between four and five millions, supports not many more than forty theatres; while Boston, with less than one-tenth of London's population, supports fifteen, of all grades, one-third as many as the British metropolis. Thus the claim here made for Boston of its being the most prosperous theatrical city may be fairly answered in the affirmative.

Of these fifteen places of amusement the oldest is the Boston Museum, now beginning the fifty-third

year of its establishment. It was founded June 14, 1841, by Moses and David P. Kimball in the old building erected for the purpose, which formerly stood on the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, now the site of Horticultural Hall. It was first known as the "Boston Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts." Its neighbor, the first Tremont Theatre (now the site of the late Tremont Temple, at present rebuilding), was then flourishing with greater or less success; and probably to avoid competition the proprietors devoted the Museum at first to the exhibition of light entertainments such as concerts, dioramas, ventriloquism, exhibitions of legerdemain, impersonations, etc.; so that at first it could scarcely be called a regular theatre. There was besides a large collection of curiosities, which

* The following interesting article, together with four illustrations of the old Boston Museum, is reprinted from "Boston Sights and Strangers' Guide" (1856).

"Perhaps of all the places of public amusement in the good city of Boston, not

one is so generally popular as this. Nor is its great success undeserved; for it has ever been the aim of its enterprising proprietor, Hon. Moses Kimball, while providing every possible novelty for the gratification of the masses, to carefully exclude everything that

until quite recently formed a prominent feature at the Museum, the collection of wax-work figures, skillfully executed by Mrs. William Pelby, wife of the manager of the old National Theatre, made a very interesting exhibition for many years after the foundation of the Museum. Many of the curiosities were obtained from the New England and Columbian Museums and Bowen collections which

in former years had attracted much attention.

The first Boston Museum building was a small but imposing structure, with a portico and handsome pillars in front, above the first story. The music saloon was capable of seating twelve hundred persons. This edifice served the purpose of the proprietors so long as the business was confined to light entertainments. In

would be in the slightest degree objectionable. Hence the Museum has become the great family resort, as well as the visitors' choicest treat.

"First, for its locality, on Tremont Street, between Court and School Streets, it stands, a spacious and superb building, its front adorned by elegant balconies and rows of ground glass globes, like enormous pearls, which at night are luminous with gas. Three tiers of elegantly arched windows admit light into the building and we reach the interior by a bold flight of stairs.

"At the summit of these stairs is an elegant ticket and treasurer's office, and adjoining it the entrance to the GRAND HALL OF CABINETS, which is surrounded by noble Corinthian pillars. Around the gallery front are arranged portraits of celebrated Americans. On the floor of the hall are statuary and superb works of art, and arranged in glass cases, curiosities from all parts of the world. The galleries, reached by a grand staircase, are filled with the rich and rare products of many a clime; not an inch of space is thrown away. Ascending still higher, we find a superb collection of wax figures, singly and in groups; and surmounting all is an observatory, whence splendid panoramic views of the city, the harbor, and its islands may be obtained.

"The MUSEUM THEATRE is one of the most beautifully decorated, best constructed and well managed theatres in the United States. The visitor there has no rowdyism to fear, and nothing ever occurs, either in the audience portion or on the stage, to offend the most fastidious. As good order is maintained in Mr. Kimball's theatre as in

any drawing room in the land. The company, too, is always first rate. Some of our best actors have been trained on the Museum boards. But besides having a stock company which cannot be surpassed, "stars" of the first theatrical magnitude are often engaged; and brilliant spectacles, with all the accessories of superb scenery, delicious music, gorgeous costumes, banners, and other appropriate appointments, are produced several times in each season, in all the magnificence that money and skill can accomplish, and are a marked feature of the place, that cannot easily be surpassed. Few persons who visit Boston ever think of quitting it without paying the Museum a visit, for it contains amusements and information for all.

"The Museum building alone cost nearly a quarter of a million of dollars, and covers twenty thousand feet of land, the whole of which, with its numerous cabinets, is crowded with every variety of birds, quadrupeds, fish, reptiles, insects, shells, minerals, fossils, etc. Then there is the FEE-JEE MERMAID, alluded to by Barnum, in his Autobiography, together with more than one thousand costly paintings, among which is Sully's great picture of Washington crossing the Delaware, portraits by Copley, West, Stewart, etc. In short, there are to be seen nearly five thousand articles of every conceivable rare and curious thing of nature and art in the Museum, and all for the marvelously small sum of twenty-five cents. The theatre is open every evening and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons."

—[EDITOR OF THE BOSTONIAN.]

1843, however, there was a great religious revival in Boston, and it was thought advisable to secure a proper building for a church. The Tremont Theatre had not been very prosperous for some time, and the owners finally decided to sell the theatre to the church people. This was done, and the last dramatic performance took place at the Tremont Theatre in June, 1843, much to the indignation of the manager and actors, for the business had just commenced to revive and promised prosperity. The place was remodeled and became known as the Tremont Temple.

The closing of the Tremont Theatre had rather an important effect upon the destinies of the Museum. A vacancy was created in the number of theatres in the city, which was filled by the organization of a small but

effective stock company at the Museum, with Mr William H. Sedley-Smith as the stage-manager. The Museum continued to prosper under the new arrangement in its old quarters until 1846, when its increasing attractions, both in the way of curiosities and dramatic performances, enabled it to outgrow its old home and warranted a change to a larger and more spacious edifice.

The present Boston Museum building was completed and first opened for the season of 1846-7. Here it has remained ever since for a period of nearly half a century, enlarging its sphere of usefulness, winning the respect and honor and even affection of the older residents of Boston. The building has been several times altered and improved, the most noticeable improvement being the lowering



KIMBALL'S BOSTON MUSEUM.—1846.
SHOWING THE OBSERVATORY ON THE ROOF.

of the stage and auditorium to a level with the floor of the exhibition hall. This was accomplished some years ago and was a most important and useful change. The stairs conducting from the exhibition room to the auditorium had hitherto led up from the rear end of the former to the right, the auditorium being parallel with the other as at present. Visitors on climbing the steep stairs from the street to the exhibition room did not have their cheerfulness materially increased by this second ascent.

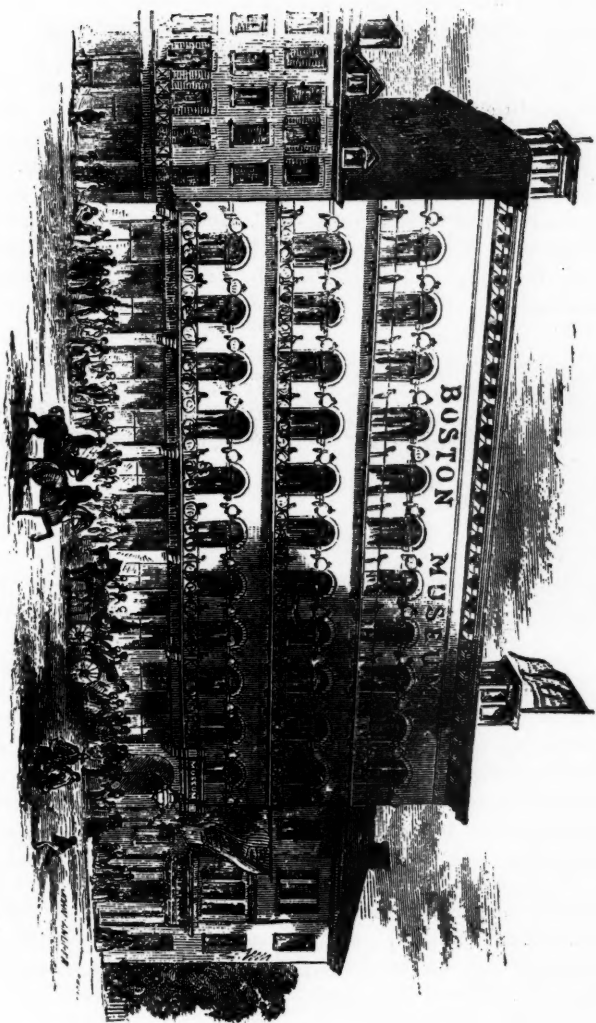
In the early days of the Museum there were no reserved seats, the admission being twenty-five cents to all parts of the house. In the more notable engagements, such as those of the elder Booth, the writer has seen the visitors commence to assemble as early as five o'clock in the afternoon, and crowd the area in front of the auditorium doors extending down the upper stairs above referred to, and fill a considerable space in the exhibition room, patiently waiting for hours for the opening of the doors, when they would rush in and secure the best seats. Gradually, however, a system of secured seats at advanced rates (fifty cents at first) was adopted, and the primitive plan of rushing for places was finally abolished, greatly to the comfort of the patrons.

Among the interesting features in the collection in the exhibition room, which still attract much attention, are the large oil painting of "Washington Crossing the Delaware River" previous to his great victory at Trenton, by Emanuel Leutze, one of the largest and finest historical paintings in the country; a fine portrait and excellent likeness of William H.

Sedley-Smith, the first stage manager; a portrait of the elder Booth in the character of Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's powerful play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," an accurate likeness; and a fine bust of the late eminent comedian, William Warren, so many years the principal attraction at the Museum. It is a pleasure to note that these have all survived the changes incidental to the progress of the theatre, and are still to be seen in their old home.

And now to return to the more immediate dramatic history of this old temple of the drama. One of the earliest attractions at the Museum was Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, who had appeared as early as November 19, 1827, at the old Federal Street Theatre as a child phenomenon, and had achieved a remarkable success. As she grew up she became quite famous as a singer of the popular music of that day. Mrs. Maeder and her husband gave concerts at the Museum in 1841, and a few years subsequently. Many of the elder playgoers will remember this lady in her remarkably fine performance of *Aunt Clarissa* in the original representation in Boston of Henry J. Byron's popular comedy of "Our Boys" at the Globe Theatre in the early seventies. Mrs. Maeder is the sister of the late Amelia Fisher, formerly in the stock company of the first Tremont Theatre, and for many years the landlady of William Warren at the old house in Bulfinch Place. She is, I believe, still living in New York. She had the first regular dramatic company here in February, 1843, in company with John Sefton.

Another early feature was Dr. Val-



BOSTON MUSEUM.—1856.

entine and his transformations and facial changes. There was also an exhibition of some very skilful glass-blowing, which was continued in the exhibition-room for some years after regular dramatic performances were given. The writer's earliest experience at the Museum was witnessing a diorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill, accompanied by an exhibition of Italian Fantocini, a collection of movable figures resembling the modern marionettes. This was in the summer of 1845, at the close of the dramatic season.



FOYER IN MUSEUM.

The following is a list of the attractions besides those already mentioned, who were at the Museum in the first days of its existence: Mr. John Sinclair (the father of Mrs. Edwin Forrest) and Miss Melton, both of whom had the honor of giving the first entertainment within its walls on the 14th of June, 1841, in the form of a grand concert; "Yankee Hill," Mr. Walcot, Miss Rock, Dempster, the celebrated ballad singer, Mr. Young, S. C. Massett, Miss Moss, Mrs. Seymour, Edward Kendal, the famous bugler, Miss Sarah Knight, the Indian Warriors and

Squaws, Mr. Love, the polyphonist, the Rainor Family, Signor Blitz, famous as a conjuror, grandfather of the celebrated opera singer Miss Van Zandt, the Mysterious Gipsy Girl, and the Misses Shaw.

"Among the more prominent performers in the stock company in the earliest years of the theatre were W. H. Smith, G. E. Locke, S. G. H. Wyatt, G. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. German, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hunt, C. H. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thomas, C. E. Muzzy, L. J. Mestinger, Frank Whitman, J. A. Smith, Mrs. Reid, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Mrs. Judah, and Miss Lousia Gann, afterwards the wife of the much respected and talented Wulf Fries, the Boston violoncellist. Mr. Locke afterwards became famous as an impersonator of Yankee characters and was known for years as "Yankee Locke." Mrs. Judah was noted for her representation of heavy melodramatic parts. Her *Moll Pitcher* was very effective. There was also a very talented group of children known as the Fox family, one of whom became famous in after years as George L. Fox, the celebrated original *Humpty Dumpty*. Mr. Hunt was a comedian of much merit, making his last appearance in Boston at the Howard Athenæum in 1853. Miss Phillips will be mentioned later on.

The first notable dramatic production of the Museum was at the old house at the corner of Bromfield Street, in 1844, when the play of "The Drunkard" was performed with stage-manager Smith as *Edward Middleton*, the drunkard. Its success was surprising in those early days,



BOSTON MUSEUM COMPANY. — 1864.

Lizzie Baker, later Mrs.
T. M. Hunter.
Robert M. Eberle.
Kate Reignolds, later
Mrs Erving Winslow.
Josephine Orton, later
Mrs. B. E. Woolf.
Sol Smith, Jr., de-
ceased.
Robert F. McClannin.

Therese Wood.
Frank Hardenburg,
deceased.
George F. Ketcham,
deceased.
Mrs. J. R. Vincent, de-
ceased.

James W. Delano, de-
ceased.
Oriana Marshall, later
Mrs. Frank Harden-
burg, deceased.
James A. Smith.
John Wilson, husband
of Mrs Vincent, de-
ceased.

Jas. H. Ring, deceased.
Rose Wood, sister of
Therese, later Mrs.
Louis Morrison.
Annie Clark.
L. R. Shewell.
Joseph Wheelock.
Wm. Warren, deceased.

E. Frank Keach, deceased.

and it is believed that this was the first play on record that had a run of one hundred consecutive performances in this country.

After the removal of the Museum to its present home on the 2d of November, 1846, its sphere of dramatic work was enlarged. The present building was designed by H. and J. E. Billings, and its erection was superintended by Mr. Anthony Hanson, and is admirably adapted for its purposes, especially after the later improvements.

One of the prominent features of the early days of the new Museum was the production of spectacular plays based on fairy subjects. These plays were placed on the stage with great splendor, and were very attractive to children; and as the children were usually accompanied by their parents, the result was a very prosperous season for the theatre. "Aladdin" was thus produced in 1846, and had a run of ninety-one nights. This was followed in succeeding seasons by "Cinderella," "Ali Baba or the Forty Thieves," "The Children of Cyprus" known in former years as "Cherry and Fair Star," "Valentine and Orson," "The Enchanted Beauty," and "The Enchanted Harp."

The second year of the new Museum was marked by an event of much importance to the destiny of the theatre and greatly contributed to give it the high reputation which it afterwards attained. This was the advent of William Warren as leading comedian, succeeding Mr. C. W. Hunt in this department. Mr. Hunt had filled this position for some years, was an excellent actor and had come to be a favorite with the Museum patrons.

People shook their heads and looked askance at the new comer as if doubting that he would ever fill Hunt's place. He made his first appearance at the Museum as *Billy Lackaday*, in James Kenny's excellent comedy of "Sweethearts and Wives," and it is tolerably safe to say that the character of the romantic, novel-reading, awkward country bumpkin of a servant never was better played in this country.



FEEJEE MERMAID.

With the coming of William Warren, an opportunity was given of presenting the admirable old English comedies in a more adequate manner. He soon reached a high reputation and attracted large audiences to the Museum by his admirable performances of *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Sir Harcourt Courtyly*, *Graves* in Bulwer's comedy of "Money", *Frank Oatland* in Morton's "A Cure for the Heartache", *Dr. Pangloss*, in Coleman's "The Heir-at-Law", *Dr. Ollapod* in "The Poor Gentleman", also by *Beetle* in "Babes in the Wood", *Lord Priority* in Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of "Wives as They Were



INTERIOR OF GREEN ROOM. PORTRAIT OF STAGE MANAGER SMITH ON THE RIGHT.

and Maids as They Are", the Shakespearean comedy characters and many others. In all these he displayed a breadth of humor combined with a proper dignity which enabled him to represent them in the best manner. Nor was he at all inferior in the delineation of the delightfully droll characters in the old Madison Morton farces. He was also the best *First Witch* in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" that ever was seen in Boston.

But high as was the reputation of Mr. Warren in the broader fields of comedy, it was eclipsed by his efforts in the domain of pathos. Who that has seen his *Jesse Rural*, *James Triplet*, *Tourbillion*, and *Sergeant Haversack* will ever forget them? He also was an admirable French scholar, and his pronounciation of that language was a model for all the other actors

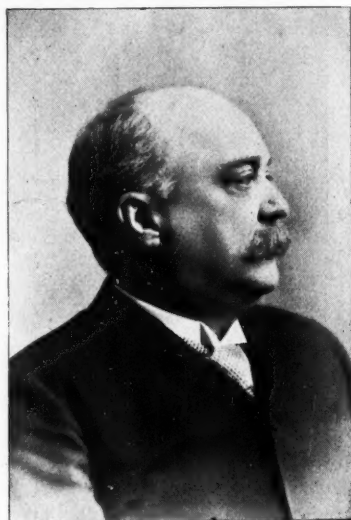
From his first appearance in Boston, at the Howard Athenæum, on the 5th of October, 1846, the year previous to his appearing at the Museum, down to his final retirement from the stage in the spring of 1883, a period of thirty-six years, all but two of them were passed at the Museum.

A history of the early days of the Museum would be incomplete without a reference to Miss Adelaide Phillips. This celebrated contralto singer made her first appearance at the old theatre in 1843, in the first season that it had a stock company. She remained at the Museum for upwards of seven years and may be said to have grown up at the Museum, as she was but ten years of age on her first appearance and she left there as a young lady. Miss Phillips was very popular as a child actress, but

made her first important hit as *Cherry*, in "The Children of Cyprus", before mentioned, about the year 1850. Soon after this, her friends, discovering that she possessed an unusual quality of operatic ability, with the assistance of Jenny Lind, procured her the means of visiting Europe for the study and development of her vocal talent. She returned with a voice of great flexibility and wonderful sympathetic power which soon enabled her to take the highest rank in the contralto range in oratorio, opera or concert. She returned once afterwards as a star to the scene of her early triumphs, and the writer remembers her on that occasion in a very successful performance of Sheridan's only opera of "The Duenna", the only time, it is believed, that that work has been given in Boston within the memory of those living. The death of Adelaide Phillips, some years ago while in Europe, was a great loss to the operatic stage.

Although the resources of the Museum enabled it to continue successfully as a stock theatre, yet the seasons in the greater part of its history have been varied by the appearance of some of the ablest stars of the stage. One of the first of these wandering celebrities, and one of the chiefest in excellence in the early days of the Museum, was Mrs. George H. Barrett. Mrs. Barrett was the personification of grace, elegance, refinement, sprightliness and beauty in all those fine old comedies. The man who ever forgets her *Lady Teazle*, *Lady Gay Spanker*, *Neighbor Constance* in Sheridan Knowles's "The Love Chase", *Mrs. Oakley* in Coleman the Elder's "The Jealous

Wife", or *Letitia Hardy* in Mrs. Cowley's "The Belle's Strategem", after having seen them, must be gifted with very superficial qualities indeed. Mrs. Barrett was very fascinating in the lightest and minutest details of the heroines of old English comedy. She could also play the more serious leading rôles with much pathetic beauty of expression, as was evident by her *Julia* in Knowles's fine play



R. M. FIELD.

of the "Hunchback" and other kindred parts. Mrs. Barrett made her first appearance on the stage at the Federal Street Theatre, in 1815, had a career on the stage of about forty years, was for some seasons leading lady at the first Tremont Theatre, and died about the year 1855, regretted by all.

Mrs. Barrett was succeeded by Miss Julia Bennett, afterwards Mrs. Barrow, who made her first appearance in

Boston at the Museum as a star in the fall of 1852, and became at once a great favorite. Perhaps her best role was that of *Lady Caroline Braymore* in Coleman's comedy of "John Bull." Mrs. Barrow played all of Mrs. Barrett's characters with charming excellence. She became the first leading lady at the Boston Theatre and was in the bill on the opening night of that house, September 11, 1854. She afterwards managed the second Tremont Theatre in the Music Hall building for a short time during the war. Mrs. Barrow is, I believe, still living in England.

Another important stellar attraction in the Museum's early history was the elder Junius Brutus Booth, father of the late Edwin Booth, who played most if not all of his Boston engagements during the last years of his life from 1849 to 1852 at this house. Mr. Booth always drew crowded houses at the Museum by his wonderful power as a tragedian. He excelled in characters of the passionate, malignant, villainous type, and his *Richard III*, *Iago*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Pescara* in Shiel's tragedy of "The Apostate," and *Shylock* were unsurpassed. Mr. Booth was in his younger days a powerful rival of the celebrated Edmund Kean, and was said to have been driven from England on account of Kean's jealousy of him. He came to this country about the year 1821, became the second manager of the first Tremont Theatre in 1828, travelled through all parts of the country meeting with great success, and died on his passage up the Mississippi River from New Orleans to Louisville in 1852, aged fifty-six years. Mr. Booth's distin-

guished son Edwin made his first appearance on any stage at the Museum in 1849, when but sixteen years of age, in the small part of *Tressel* in support of his father's *Richard III*. Edwin lived to be greater even than his father in many of the Shakespearean roles, notably in *Hamlet*, *Iago* and *Lear*.

Many other lesser stellar lights of the profession trod the Museum stage during its earlier existence, but space is not available to mention them in detail, as it would require a volume to properly describe them. I cannot close this portion of the subject, however, without a brief notice of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wallack, Jr., who played at the Museum about the year 1855. Mr. Wallack was a member of a very eminent theatrical family; his father, Henry Wallack, brother of James W. Wallack, Senior, the celebrated light comedian, was famous for his impersonations of old men. His cousin, the late Lester Wallack, was one of the best light comedians on the American stage. James W. Wallack, Jr., was especially excellent in the higher melodramatic and romantic characters. He was very fine as *King James V* in the Rev. James White's beautiful play of "The King of the Commons," and also as *Fagin* in "Oliver Twist," *The Man in the Iron Mask*, *Hercule the Huron* in Wilkins's play of "Civilization," and *Joseph Surface* in "The School for Scandal." Mrs. Wallack was an exceedingly able impersonator of *Lady Macbeth*, *Queen Catharine*, *Hermione* and other heavy tragic roles.

Mrs. Annie Senter Langdon, a pupil of Stage Manager Smith, first appeared on the Museum stage at about

this period and made quite a favorable impression in the juvenile heroines of the standard drama. Miss Eliza Logan, Mrs. Farren and Mrs. John Drew also appeared with great success.

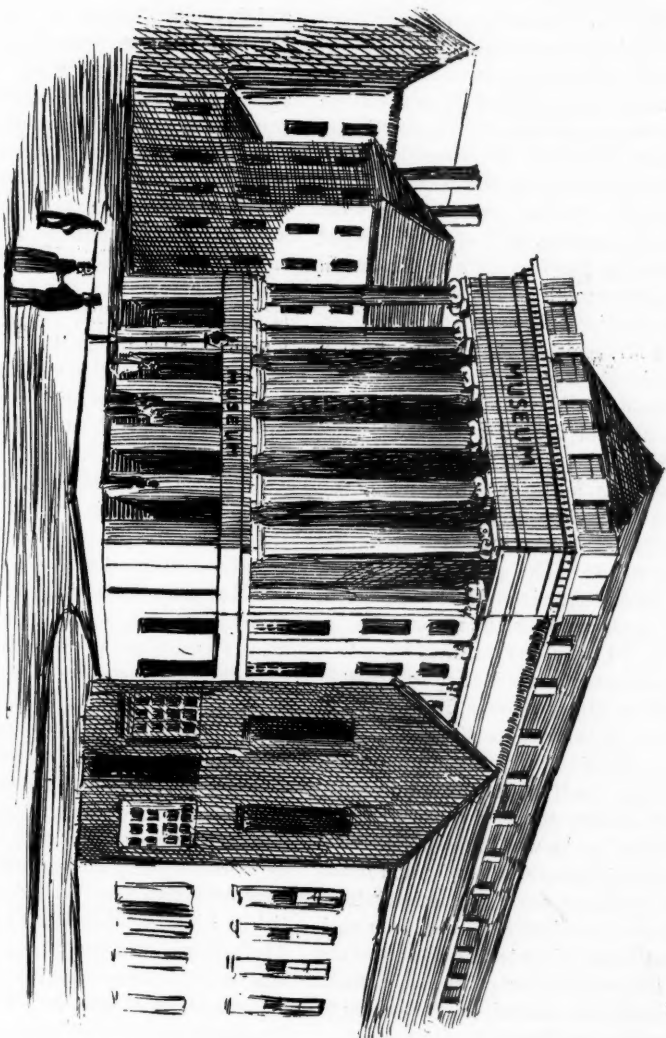
In the fall of 1853 there was produced at the Museum a piece that met with a most extraordinary popular success which it has retained ever since, a period of more than forty years. This was a dramatization of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's remarkable story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Probably the story and the play did more to create a powerful public sentiment in favor of the abolition of the nefarious institution of slavery than any other single influence that went forth in those days, inasmuch as they were an accurate, unexaggerated picture of the methods of the "peculiar institution."

One more incident remains to be described in connection with Mr. Smith's stage management. About the year 1858, Mr. Lawrence Barrett was engaged at the Museum as juvenile actor and light comedian, remaining about three years and gradually gaining in experience and excellence. Mr. Barrett's subsequent career—his seasons at the Howard Athenæum under the management of Edward L. Davenport, his services to the Union cause during the Rebellion, when he was a captain in the Massachusetts 28th Regiment, his management, in connection with John McCullough, of the California Theatre, San Francisco, his support of and friendly association with Edwin Booth, his gradual rise in his profession, and his encouragement and production of plays by American authors, notably George H. Boker's

fine play of "Francesca da Rimini"—are matters more familiarly known to theatre-goers.

Mr. Smith remained as stage-manager and leading man at the Museum for sixteen years, resigning in 1859, and was given a complimentary testimonial benefit in the shape of a double performance, afternoon and evening, on the occasion of his retirement. The house was crowded on both occasions in public recognition of his faithfulness and ability. Mr. Smith was one of the most accomplished stage-managers that ever held that position in Boston, and to him many a young actor was indebted for his early training in the best traditions of stage business and details of the art of acting. He was equally eminent as a leading man, his *Master Walter* in Knowles's play of "The Hunchback" being the finest that Bostonians have ever seen. His *Sir William Dorrellon*, the stern but just old father in "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are," his *Old Dornton* in "The Road to Ruin" by Holcroft, his *Matthew Elmore* in Lovell's "Love's Sacrifice," his *Wellborn*, *Richmond*, *Sir Oliver Surface*, *Lord Townly*, *Macduff*, *Iago*, and *Edgar*, among numerous others, were highly finished impersonations. Mr. Smith's family name was Sedley, Smith being a "Nom de Theatre." He was born in Wales in 1806, first appeared in Boston at the first Tremont Theatre in 1828, remained there for several seasons, played afterwards at the old National Theatre, remained as an actor at the Boston Museum for a short time after his retirement as stage manager, filled that position for Nixon at the Boston Theatre in 1862,

OLD BOSTON MUSEUM, CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS, 1841.



was in the same department at the Continental Theatre in 1867, then went West and died at St. Louis on the 21st of April, 1871, at the age of sixty-five. He had a son, Henry Sedley, who at one time promised to become a fine actor, but for some unknown reason retired from the stage and became a journalist in New York, where he died. Mr. Smith's daughter, Miss Mary Sedley, now known as Mrs. Sol. Smith, is a favorite actress of old women, and recently played *Madame Deschappelles* in Boston in a very acceptable manner. Some of the leading ladies at the Museum during Mr. Smith's later administration of the stage were Mrs. H. F. Nichols, Mrs. J. M. Field, Mr. Smith's sister-in-law and the aunt of Mr. George Riddle, the noted reader, Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Skerret. The latter's daughter Rose was a favorite sou-brette at the establishment at the same time. That great favorite, Mrs. J. R. Vincent, joined the company in 1853, there to remain, with the exception of but one season, until her death a few years ago. Many young actors such as Harry Bascom, Ed. Danforth, John Wilson, John W. Blaisdell and Joseph Wheelock, at present a very capable leading man, were brought out under the regime of "Harry Smith," as he was familiarly termed. James H. Ring was another old favorite of those days. "Honest" Tom Comer, who had filled the same position at the Tremont Theatre, was the leader of the orchestra and musical director for several seasons, going to the Boston Theatre at the opening of that house in 1854. His immediate successors at the Museum were Messrs. H. Eckhardt, Van Olker and Julius Eichberg.

Mr. Smith was succeeded in the stage management of the Museum by Mr. E. F. Keach, who for many years had been the popular light comedian and juvenile man of the company. Mr. Keach's manner was pleasant and agreeable, and while never a great actor he was always a competent one. During Mr. Keach's government of the stage, Miss Kate Reignolds, now Mrs. Erving Winslow, Miss Josephine Orton, now the wife of Benjamin E. Woolf, author of "The Mighty Dollar", "Pounce & Co.", and other dramatic and operatic works, Miss Annie Clarke, Miss Oriana Marshall, Miss Lizzie Baker, Messrs. D. W. Waller, William Whalley, L. R. Shewell, Robert F. McClannin, Frank Hardenburg, and T. M. Hunter, appeared in the stock company. These accessions strengthened the acting force materially. Miss Kate Reignolds was the finest leading lady the Museum ever had. She adorned the Museum company as its leading lady for about five seasons, travelled as a star for a few years and then retired from the stage. Her performances of the more tragic leads were scarcely inferior to her comedy assumptions. She still appears in public occasionally, giving a monologue entertainment. She is an authoress of no mean reputation, as is evident by her exceedingly interesting personal reminiscences in her book, entitled "Yesterdays With Actors." The following extract from this book will be of interest as giving a picture of the stage arrangements of the Museum in Mr. Keach's day:

"We entered by a narrow door, from one of the galleries, which gave at a touch, but fell back as quickly with the force of a ponderous spring.

A door-keeper, seated at the end of a narrow aisle some three feet wide between enormous piles of dusty canvas, permitted none to pass except the actual employees of the theatre. About the same space between the inner edge of the scenery standing in its grooves and the masses stacked along the walls, allowed a scant passage down the side of the stage. At one corner, where the private box is now, was a 'property room', behind that the manager's office; on the opposite side, a small space of perhaps six feet wide at one end tapering down to four at the other, was the green room, its furniture a bench about the wall, a cast case, a dictionary and a mirror, over which was inscribed 'Trifles make perfection.' To move about, except warily, on business, was at any time difficult; at night, when carpenters and scene shifters were active, a veritable running the gauntlet. Two dressing-rooms in the place of the two upper boxes were approached by staircases as steep as ladders, and these were assigned the 'leading' man and woman. The others had little 'bins' under the stage, and crowded as closely by the machinery of the 'traps' and other subterranean contrivances as the space above. Well was it for us if we failed to stumble over 'set' pieces and properties. I think all that saved me from many a severe fall was the caution inspired by the fear of spoiling fine clothes. I remember, with painful distinctness, my injured feelings when, squeezing through a tight place, I heard my satin 'fray' as it brushed through the rough edges of the scenes, or in a hurried entrance felt the obnoxious

nail that caught my lace flounce, while I had to go straight on, whatever stayed behind; for the stage must not wait!

"A hasty glance at the 'call' in the green room for the coming plays, a word of courteous greeting to our fellow-actors, the last conning of the part; such were the interludes between the appearances on the stage; and a more work-a-day, matter-of-fact place it would be hard to find."

Mrs. Winslow relates the following anecdote of William Warren which illustrates the wit of that great actor off the stage as well as on it:—"I saw him one night surrounded by a bevy of girls, who, in their æsthetic, clinging gowns and admiring attitudes, could not but remind me of the maidens in Patience, grouped around Bunthorn, and, in speaking to him afterward, I told him he was the lion of the night. 'Ah!' said William Warren, 'I never heard of but one man who was not hurt by lionizing, and he was a Jew by the name of Daniel!'"

Mrs. Winslow's description of the good angel of the company, Mrs. Vincent, of that good lady's deep sympathy for, and generous help to the poor and suffering, of her keeping the stage waiting while she rebuked a cruel driver for beating a lame horse, and of her pet dog and five black cats makes very attractive reading. Her analysis of Mr. Warren's professional and personal character is correct and just. No higher tribute was ever paid to the genius of the eminent comedian than the one said by Mrs. Winslow to have been uttered by Rachel, the great French actress, who, when speaking of

him, simply said, "He is one of us."

But Miss Kate Reignolds, eminent as she was, was not the only feminine attraction in Mr. Keach's dramatic army. Miss Josephine Orton was the soubrette, and, with the possible exception of Mrs. W. H. Smith, Boston has seen no finer one. Miss Orton was noted for her versatility, many of her leading ladies, such as *Cynisca* in "Pygmalion and Galatea," and the vindictive Duchess *Francesca Bentivoglio* in "The Fool's Revenge" were admirable representations.

Of Miss Annie Clarke it is unnecessary to speak at great length, as she is still a favorite with the Boston public. Miss Clarke must have been a close student of the drama in her younger days, as she won her way slowly but gradually, step by step, by hard work, from an obscure position to that of leading lady, which she held many years to the satisfaction of the Museum public. In a few instances she was unusually excellent, as in the heroine of Howell's fine comedy of "A Counterfeit Presentment," where she had to represent a scene of hysterics, which was very effectively given; and her part in the pleasant little comedy of "I Dine With My Mother" was always a fine performance; her *Mrs. Smylie* another; and her *Peg Woffington* merits high praise by the little touch of sadness which she infuses into the rollicking, infectious comedy of the part.

Miss Oriana Marshall gave promise of future prominence, but unhappily, by her early death at the age of seventeen, that promise was unfulfilled. Miss Lizzie Baker, afterwards Mrs. T. M. Hunter, was a useful

member of the company. Messrs. Waller, Whalley, and Shewell were capable leading men. Mr. McClannin was an excellent actor of old men. Messrs. Hardenburg, Hunter, and Ketchum strengthened the company materially. The old favorites Warren, John Wilson, J. A. Smith, Whitman, Wheelock, and J. H. Ring remained.

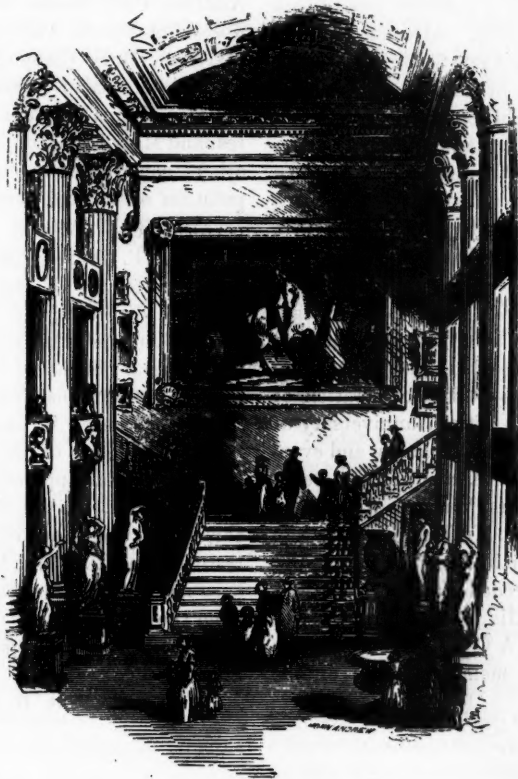
Of the stars appearing at this period, the most conspicuous were Mr. and Miss Richings, Miss Kate Bateman, and Mr. John Wilkes Booth. Miss Bateman achieved a high reputation in the character of *Evangeline* in a serious version of Longfellow's poem. Mr. Booth's unfortunate subsequent career is well known. He possessed a highly nervous, passionate intensity which made him in some parts superior to his brother Edwin, but he was deficient in mental training.

Some of the more prominent productions were "Jeannie Deans," a version of Sir Walter Scott's story of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," "The Colleen Bawn," "The Enchantress," "Pauvrette," "The Angel of Midnight," "Faust and Marguerite," and "The Octoroon." The first of these pieces was very strongly cast with Miss Kate Reignolds as *Jeannie Deans*, Mrs. Barrow as *Effie Deans*, and Mrs. Farren as *Madge Wildfire*, and Keach, Whalley, John Wilson, Whitman and others in the male cast. It was in this piece that Mr. Whitman first showed signs of the head trouble that ultimately developed into insanity, and not many years after caused his death. "The Enchantress" was also very finely done with Miss Caroline Richings as

Stella, one of the best operatic parts of this celebrated artist.

During Mr. Keach's stage management one incident happened which threatened to have a startling result. A fire started in the "borders" and spread to the "wings" of the scen-

Keach was inclined to be strict in enforcing the rules, but he was a stage director of great energy and ceaseless activity; so much so that these qualities wore him out, and he died in the winter of 1863-4, literally of overwork. His *Doricourt* and



GRAND STAIRCASE.

ery just before the performance, and for a short time it seemed that the building would be totally destroyed. The coolness and activity of Mr. Keach, however, soon put a stop to the fire, and the performance went on as if nothing had happened. Mr.

Young Rapid were among the best of his performances. His service as the stage manager was less than five years.

On the death of Mr. Keach, a change was effected in the destiny of the Museum. Mr. Moses Kimball

retired from the business management and Mr. Richard Montgomery Field became full manager. Mr. Kimball was a shrewd business manager. He still survives. Of Mr. Field's management it is only necessary to speak in brief terms. The fact of his continuing as manager for upwards of thirty years is a sufficient proof of his skill and ability. Allusion need be made to only a few features of his regime. Early in his administration he revived the old comedies with special stage mounting, and never in Boston was Goldsmith's admirable comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" more magnificently brought out. In 1878, Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore" was presented for the first time in America, and was the inauguration of a long line of satirical operas by these distinguished authors in this country. The celebration of Mr. Warren's fiftieth anniversary of stage life with an afternoon and evening performance, and similar testimonials to Mrs. Vincent, Miss Annie Clarke, and to Mr. Field himself were very noteworthy events. Mr. Charles Barron succeeded Mr. Shewell as leading man. His performance of *Jean Renaud* in "A Celebrated Case" was one of the memorable hits of the theatre.

Charles Peters, W. J. LeMoynes, George Wilson, W. H. Crisp, Harry Murdock, E. A. McDowell, B. R. Graham, Joseph Haworth, H. M. Pitt, William Seymour, Edgar L. Davenport, John Mason (an excellent leading man), Clarence Holt, J. Nolan, C. S. Abbe, Mrs. Farren, Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt, Misses Ada Gilman, Josie Batchelder, Amy Ames, Sadie Martinot, Mary Carey, Mary Shaw, Kate Ryan, Isabel Evesson, Miriam O'Leary, Emma Sheridan, Marie Burgess and Mary Hampton, among many others, contributed to sustain the reputation of the old theatre by good performances. Messrs. Fred Williams, H. F. Daly, H. M. Pitt, William Seymour, and E. Rose were capable stage directors, and Messrs. Catlin, Braham and Purdy good orchestral leaders. Such is a brief account of an old Boston institution that has steadily advanced in usefulness and honor. The loss of the stock company was a disappointment to the older patrons, but let us hope that this will be wholly as well, or partially restored, and that the Museum will once more aid in elevating the stage from the low condition it is now in, owing to the frivolous public taste of the day.

OLIVER B. STEBBINS.

THE STORY OF A FACE.*

RICHARD MARSDEN was discouraged. He was fast coming to the end of his little capital, and there seemed no prospect for the future. Apparently no one even looked at his pictures displayed in the shop windows, and certainly no one climbed the steep stairs leading to his studio to consult him about his work. At times he wondered if his life had been a failure, and if he would have been more comfortable had he been contented to plod along in the way of his fathers.

Two years before, under his father's severest censure, he had left his home in the country parsonage of a little New England town. Dr. Marsden was a good man, but to his blind, old-fashioned faith, life was too serious to spend its precious hours in idling in the woods and fields. So he had grown old with distorted vision, and when he discovered in his only son, who from babyhood was destined for the ministry, a love for things beautiful, and a deep enjoyment in picturing them, he had sternly opposed it. But the son had inherited strength of will, and with a passionate insistence, he clung to his purpose.

On the night before he was to leave his home to carve out his future in a foreign land, his father handed him a sealed packet, saying, "My son, since you were a baby, your mother and I have each year, by self-denial, laid by a certain sum for your education. You know what were our hopes for your future. The money is yours. Use it as seems to you fit, but do not expect anything more from us."

It had been the young man's first passionate impulse to refuse the gift, but it seemed the only link between the old life and the new—and he did not feel quite strong enough to enter upon another struggle, for he knew his father's wish was unalterable.

So he went away and spent two years in hard study and tireless devotion in the art galleries of Paris. He did not join in the wild Bohemian life of his fellow students. But as failure seemed to meet him on all sides, he was strongly tempted to give up his higher ambitions, and go in for a lower class of work and the follies of life. For a time he neglected the galleries, and wandered aimlessly about the city.

One day, while in one of the beau-

* This celebrated painting, the history of which is told in the following narrative, now hangs in an old-fashioned homestead in Dorchester and is an attraction for numerous artists and others who have learned of its peculiar charm. The coloring of the face is marvelous; we doubt if it has ever been equalled. Artists from all parts of the world have spent hours in studying the

light and shade effect and have tried to imitate it, but have been compelled to abandon the task. The photograph shown in the frontispiece necessarily gives but a poor conception of its strange beauty, yet if the picture is held in a certain position the soft outline of the face is revealed. The blots or cracks around the face are caused by the action of the varnish.—[EDITOR OF THE BOSTONIAN.]

tiful parks of the city, he had thrown himself down on one of the many seats, where a large shrub screened him from observation, but did not prevent his seeing what went on around him. Presently, his attention was attracted by hearing voices near at hand; looking in that direction he saw two figures approaching a seat nearly opposite his own. In one quick glance he took in the details of the little group — the attitude of the one was of motherly attention, that of the other, the dependence and feebleness which illness brings.

"Ah, Louise, see how much I have gained already in being able to walk so far," the invalid girl was saying.

"It is good, Miss Eleanor, but if you would only drive, as they all wish you to —"

"No, no! It would only weary me. I can't bear all the flash of the carriages, and the nodding ladies — it is so tiresome. I'd far rather come here every day and see the babies play on the soft grass. They do not know if one is rich or poor — they want only love. I like to sit under the trees and dream of home."

Richard guessed the story in a moment. A fair, young English girl, the daughter of wealthy, and fashion-loving parents, whose soul was tired with the glare and glitter of the fashionable world, and who loved the tender sights and sounds of nature, longed to escape from society. Some chord in his nature thrilled responsively to the low, sweet tones of the girl's voice, and he felt distinctly sorry when they moved away. But the sweet, pale face, under its close, brown hat, kept with him all

day, and the next morning found him waiting behind his rhododendron bush to catch another glimpse of the fair stranger.

Day after day passed and the one incident in the twenty-four hours, was that daily visit to the park. Richard would have found it difficult to explain the fascination the face and the voice had for him. But as time passed, and the girl's feeble step grew stronger, the outlines of her face rounder, and the deep, blue eyes brighter and darker, almost a feeling of worship grew up within him. There was no thought in his mind of personal love — he realized too fully the hopelessness of such a feeling, but she seemed some beautiful, gracious presence under the influence of whose presence all his high ideals returned, all his baser thoughts vanished.

He made many sketches of the dainty little head, but the one he best liked, and finally painted, was the view he most often saw. This was when the face was half-turned, showing the sweet curves of throat and cheek, and the tender violet eyes looked out from behind the net-work of filmy black lace, which seemed to him to shut away her loveliness from vulgar curiosity, but only enhanced her charm for him. He called his picture "Lady Eleanor", and for days he worked upon it, studying her face, and then going home to paint, altering a tint here, softening a curve there.

In all this time he had spoken to the real "Lady Eleanor" but twice. Once he had carried to her a book she had left behind on the seat, and he had blushed boyishly under

her glance and softly murmured "Thank you." And again when a vicious-looking dog had annoyed her.

One day, just as the picture was nearly finished, its original failed to occupy her accustomed seat; Richard became greatly annoyed and wondered if she were again ill. His apprehensions, however, were allayed when he caught sight of her a few days later seated in a splendid carriage beside a distinguished-looking gentleman. She wore a broad, black hat with drooping plumes, but for some reason he didn't like it. He missed the soft tone of her pretty hair, and he madly resented the laying aside of the spotted veil. After this incident he became morose, but was eager to make the last sketch for his picture.

One dreamy afternoon in late June, when the earth had been freshly washed by showers, and vegetation was shining in the level rays of the declining sun, he saw the slender figure coming down the broad walk. She was accompanied by the sedate companion. Yes! there was the delicate face as he had loved to see it, looking out from behind her only head covering, the light veil.

"It's the last time, Louise," the girl said, taking a seat, and looking dreamily at the cluster of baby carriages a little way down the walk, "I'm so glad I could come once more to this dear place. It is here I gained strength. I'm glad to go home to England, but I am sorry to leave this spot."

"But only think what you are going to, dear Miss Eleanor, your own home, and such a noble, handsome husband."

"Yes, I know," the sweet voice answered, "I am going to be very happy, but —." The murmur died away, and the blue eyes looked a little wistfully down the vista of trees.

Richard Marsden heard no more. He felt suddenly that she belonged to him, and he was sure he could make her happy. But the thought of their different station in life banished such ideas. He wondered why she looked so wistful, and why she turned her eyes toward the big rhododendron bush.

At that moment the western sun threw a rosy glow all over her face and he fancied she was about to speak to him. The artist stood transfixed with awe and admiration at the beautiful sight. Never had he seen such a transformation as the dying rays of the sun bequeathed to her fair face. Slowly the glow faded and presently she passed on out of his life. But the face haunted him, his one ambition was to place it on canvas. Never did he work so persistently and never did he so long for the ability of a genius to enable him to reproduce those heavenly colors. Every touch of his brush was a labor of tender, reverent devotion. At last it was finished, and with its completion his spirits fell, and he floundered in a sea of dumb despair. His inspiration had left him, and he was ready once again to try and forget self and duty in wild frivolities.

While sitting in his studio musing idly and wondering what he should do for his next meal, he was suddenly aroused from his reverie by hearing a step on the stair, followed by a knock at his door and the entrance of his old school friend, Ralph Noble, who

stood looking about him in unfeigned surprise.

"I beg your pardon," the newcomer began, "but will you direct me to Marsden's studio?" I—he could say no more, but stood motionless, looking straight before him at an object on the easel. There, facing him, he saw a beautiful face, a face so like one which for many months had been to him but a memory, that his heart gave a mighty throb, and then seemed to stand still.

He had no idea how long he stood there, but when again conscious of himself, he walked quickly into the room, and going up to the easel, looked long and tenderly into the blue eyes, so life-like and true.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but will you let me look at this more closely? The face is so like that of a friend of mine—we were to have been married—and she died a year ago to-day." His voice grew lower at the utterance of each word. Marsden nodded and walked away to the window, while a pathetic silence filled the little room.

Presently Ralph turned around with the remark, as he touched the easel almost reverently,

"Will you tell me who she is?"

Marsden had little to divulge, but his listener did not think it trivial, and his ready sympathy was a new and sweet experience to the artist.

"She is so like my Mabel," mused Noble, after the story had been finished, "so very like. You can never know what this moment has been to me." Looking again into the sweet face of the picture, he slowly continued: "It was a year ago to-day. We were riding together along a country

road. She had cantered a little ahead and suddenly a horse sprang from a pasture directly in front of her spirited little mare. She shied, and Mabel was thrown from the saddle upon a rock. I reached her just in time to catch a last imploring glance from her dear eyes. She never looked at me again, and that look has haunted me ever since. I've tried to forget it in travel, but it's no use. I've never been able to remember her old natural look until I saw this picture. That has given it back to me."

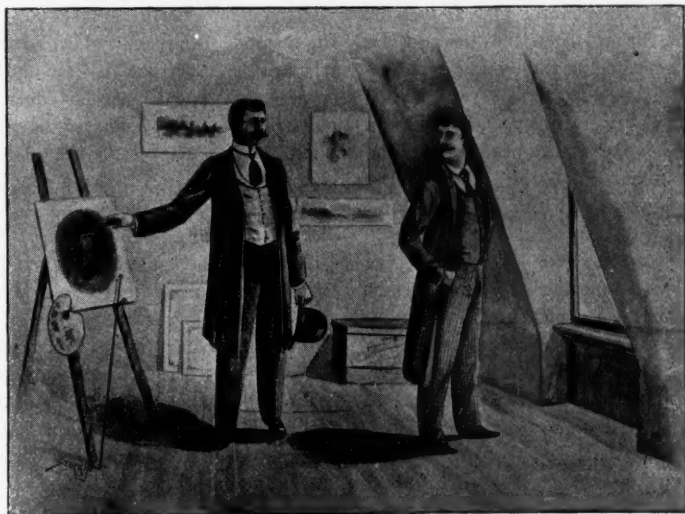
The friendship of these Boston boys, who had not met since their school days, was renewed and Ralph became a frequent visitor to the studio.

He, recognizing the delicate beauty of the painter's work, brought many of his friends in Paris to see the pictures. Every one was charmed with the exquisite portrait, and Marsden soon found work and friends his for the taking. It was not until the last night of his stay in Paris that Noble expressed his longing for the portrait of "Lady Eleanor." He knew Marsden's tender reverence for the face, and he dreaded to seem unsympathetic by voicing his own keen desire. As he entered the studio that evening, he went straight to the easel, and gazed long and tenderly at the flower-like face. "How strange" said he, "that so great a likeness could exist between two faces. And strange, too, that two girls should have the same fantastic way of draping the head. Mabel was always fond of wearing a filmy thing like that. Marsden," he added suddenly, "would you part with that portrait?"

It has meant so much to me—nothing has been of any help since Mabel went, but this has shown me that I can begin again. I should so like to send it to my home to greet my return. I should like it to hang over the mantel in the dear, old parlor—and the girls will love it, too," he went on with instinctive sympathy for the strange struggle going on beside him.

"I cannot part with 'Lady Eleanor' for money," replied Marsden, "but

other's tone was so sincere, and his wish so evident, that at last he accepted the gift. So "Lady Eleanor" was boxed up and sent to Boston to the dear, old home where Noble had lived with his uncle and cousins since his childhood. It was two years before he again saw the portrait, hung then in the place his fancy had planned for it, and dearly loved by two girlish hearts. Into his own soul had at last come peace and courage to live on, and he knew that it was



"WILL YOU TELL ME WHO SHE IS?"

if you will take her home with you as a proof of my gratitude for your friendship, I shall be glad to think of her with you. She has proved a wonderful blessing to me in the two great crises of my life, and her influence will always be with me. But for you the portrait means something more, and I am glad to give her into your keeping."

At first Noble protested, but the

that picture which had wrought the change.

For Marsden, life opened bright and fair. He had found friends, he became known; his pictures sold. And when he again went to the old New England home, he carried with him, well-earned success and an honored name.

* * * * *

"Whatever in the world has Ralph

sent us this old cracked picture for?"

A box was being unpacked in the hall of a quaint, old Dorchester homestead, and the picture of the English girl had just been taken from its many wrappings.

"And he particularly says he wants it hung over the parlor mantel," said a sister of the first speaker, referring to a letter in her hand, and then looking doubtfully at the canvas. "But see, Henry," she added excitedly, "those aren't cracks, it's a veil over the girl's face."

"Well, they might just as well be cracks, for nobody will ever know the difference," said the young man decidedly.

"Let's try it, any way," chimed in the soft voice of the other sister, the third member of the little group, "may be she will look prettier hung up."

The three grouped themselves around the mother's chair to study the effect. At once they felt the influence of the starry beauty of the pale, gentle face as it looked down upon them with sweet, wistful gaze.

"She is a dear, anyway," said Alice, "and she shall be our lady always, shan't she, mother darling? And she will keep you from being lonely when Ruth and I are away."

So "Our Lady" hung in the pretty homelike room, so different from the bare attic studio, where her only companion had been the moody, restless young artist. Here all the atmosphere breathed of home and love. Here beside the arm-chair, where a little, white-capped creature rested, young hearts found always sympathy and help, young heads grew more thoughtful and sincere, young lives gained hope and strength.

Every one who came into the room observed the pretty head above the mantel. Those who looked carelessly, saw nothing but what seemed a crackled canvas, doubtless old and interesting, but scarcely pretty enough to be worth a second glance. It was only those who looked closely who felt the spell of those sweet eyes.

One lovely October afternoon, the girls came in fresh and rosy from the bright air, their hands full of fringed gentians. As they entered the parlor door, the mother called excitedly: "Girls, come over here without turning around. They obeyed, wondering what could have roused their mother so much as to call into her delicate old face the bright color of her girlhood. When they stood beside her chair, she said: "Now look at 'Our Lady.'" They looked, and almost started forward. The light of the sinking sun had crept in a far window which it seldom entered, and threw a rosy glow all over the pictured face, and into the wistful eyes had poured a wealth of expression not seen there before. As she looked down into the eyes gazing up at her, 'Lady Eleanor' seemed to want to stretch out her arms to these fresh, young lives to love and to be loved.

Since then a singular thing has happened. Twice every year, in April and October, for a few days, the light of the setting sun steals in that far window at the end of the dear, old room, throwing a warmth of tender color over all the familiar objects. It lingers for a moment lovingly on the old arm-chair—empty now—where once the sweet mother-face looked tender greeting to all who entered. It touches with saucy radiance the gleaming andirons

which flash back in indignant protest. It mocks the firelight with its sunny gleam. Then, grown more tender, the rosy color slowly climbs the wall, towards the lovely flower-like face above. It touches first "Our Lady's" round young throat and chin, and the soft outlines gleam through the meshes of the filmy lace. It kisses the full, red lips, and warms them into glowing life, and then it moves

upward towards the brow. When at last it reaches the violet eyes, life suddenly springs into them, and the dark blue depths reveal a splendor of living meaning not guessed before. For a few brief moments, "Our Lady" becomes no longer a picture, but a real and living presence, a glowing embodiment of her undying influence.

AGNES J. CARR.



THE POWER OF SYMPATHY:

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE.

BY MRS. PEREZ MORTON.

LETTER XII.

MRS. HOLMES TO MYRA.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

My good father-in-law being so strenuous in proving the eligibility of reading satire, had spun out what he called his *new idea*, to such a metaphysical nicety that he unhappily diminished the number of his hearers; for Mrs. Bourn, to whom he directed his discourse, had taken down a book and was reading to herself, and Miss was diverting herself with the cuts in Gay's Fables.

A considerable silence ensued, which Worthy first broke by asking Mrs. Bourn what book she had in her hand. Every one's attention was alarmed at this important inquiry. Mrs. Bourn, with little difficulty, found the title page, and began to read, "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy, by Mr. Yorick."

"I do not like the title," said Miss Bourn.

"Why, my dear!" apostrophized the mother, "you are mistaken—it is a very famous book."

"Why, my dear!" retorted the daughter. "It is sentimental—I abominate everything that is sentimental. It is so unfashionable, too."

"I never knew before," said Mr. Holmes, "that wit was subject to the caprice of fashion."

"Why 'Squire Billy," returned Miss, who is just arrived from the centre of politeness and fashion,

"says the bettermost genii never read any sentimental book—so you see sentiment is out of date."

The company rose to go out.

"Sentiment out of date," cries Worthy, repeating the words of Miss Bourn and taking the book from her mother, as she walked towards the door—"sentiment out of date—alas! poor Yorick—may thy pages never be soiled by the finger of prejudice." He continued his address to them, as they went out, in the same Shandean tone. "These anti-sentimentalists would banish thee from the society of all books! Unto what a pitiful size are the race of readers dwindled! Surely these antis have more to do with thee, than the Gods of the Canaanites.—In character and understanding they are alike—eyes have they, but they see not—ears have they, but they hear not, neither is there any knowledge to be found in them."

"It is hardly worth while to beat it into them," said my father-in-law, "so let us follow the company."

We did so—they walked toward the house, and Worthy and myself brought up the rear.

I could not but remark, as we went on, that Miss Bourn had spoken the sentiment of many of her sex;—"and whence," said I to Worthy, "arises this detestation of books in some of us females, and why are they enemies to anything that may be called sentiment and conversation; I grant it

often happens there is such rapidity of speeches that one may be at a loss to distinguish the speakers; but why is there such a calm silence, should an unfortunate sentiment inadvertently —”

“I will tell you,” interrupted he. “You all read and it is from the books which engage your attention that you generally imbibe your ideas of the principal subjects discussed in company. — Now, the books which employ your hours of study, happen to be novels; and the subjects contained in these novels are commonly confined to dress, balls, visiting, and the like edifying topics; does it not follow, that these must be the subjects of your conversation? I will not dispute whether the novel makes the woman, or the woman makes the novel; or whether they are written to engage your attention or flatter your vanity. I believe the result will show they depend, in some measure, upon each other; and an uninformed woman by reading them, only augments the number of her futile ideas. The *female mind*, notwithstanding, is *competent to any task*, and the accomplishments of an elegant woman depend on a proper cultivation of her intelligent powers; a barrenness — a sterility of conversation — immediately discovers where this cultivation is wanting.”

“Give me leave,” answered I, “to espouse the cause of this class of females. Tell me candidly, Mr. Worthy, whether that insipid flattery, perhaps sacrificed at the expense of truth, does not misguide many of us into erroneous paths? You declare we are handsome — and your conduct demonstrates you to be more solicitous for the possession of *beautiful*

than of *mental* charms. Hence is the deluded female persuaded of the force of her fascinating powers, and vainly imagines one glance of her eye sufficient to seduce a million hearts whenever she chooses. Her aims, therefore, are confined to the decoration of her person, and her views centre solely in finishing herself in those attractive, all-powerful graces, with which you declare yourselves to be enchanted. How, then, are they to be censured for neglecting to improve the mind, when your adulation diverts their attention to an external object?”

“I join with you,” replied Worthy, “in calling it insipid flattery — and the vain coxcomb, the powdered beau, the magnificent *petit maitre*, are those who make use of it. Will women of real merit and sound sense believe what is said by them to be their real sentiments? No. There must be a congeniality in the minds of those who give and receive flattery. Has not the vain coquette as much inclination to be thought a goddess as the empty admirer to declare her so?”

“Flattery is become a kind of epidemical distemper; many run into it, perhaps without designing it, or only through civility. There are some women who expect it — who dress to be admired — and who deem it a mark of impoliteness and rudeness in men who do not pay them the tribute of compliment and adulation. A man of sense may comply with their expectation — he will still think them agreeable *playthings*, to divert him at an hour of relaxation; but I cannot suppose he will entertain any serious thoughts of a *more permanent connection*.”

“May we not conclude these things

to be productive of many evils that happen in society—do they not frighten all sentiment from conversation—introduce affectation—pride—envy—clandestine marriages—elopements—division of families—and ultimately terminate in the ruin of very many innocent but inconsiderate females?”

By this time we had got into the house, and our company soon after departed, leaving us at full leisure to contemplate on the many wrong ideas entertained, and fallacious steps pursued by the generality of mankind, in the sentimental part of female education.

Adieu!

LETTER XIII.

WORTHY TO MYRA.

BELLEVIEW.

A peaceful, recluse life is suited to my temper—there is something in the soft breath of Nature—in the delicacy of smiling meadows and cultivated fields—in the sublimity of an aged wood—of broken rocks—of rivers pouring along their lucid waves, to which the heart always gives a ready reception—there is something within us congenial to these scenes; they impress the mind with ideas similar to what we feel in beholding one whom we tenderly esteem.

I was making this observation to Mrs. Holmes and she told me I was in love. “These are the very scenes,” said she, “which your beloved Myra used to praise and admire, and for which you by a secret sympathy, entertain the same predilection. The piece of embroidery which she worked

at an early age and which ornaments the Temple, I have seen you gaze upon several times, you seem to trace perfection in every part of it, because it was executed by the hand of Myra.”

I acknowledged I had often gazed upon it (as Mrs. Holmes terms it) but did not recollect it to be a piece of your work. I stole an opportunity to revisit it by myself, and I instantly remembered it—I remembered when you finished it, and all the happy inoffensive scenes of our childhood, returned fresh upon my heart.

It is the work of Myra, said I to myself—did not her fingers trace these beautiful expanding flowers? Did she not give to this carnation its animated glow, and to this opening rose its languishing grace? Removed as I am—continued I in a certain interior language that every son of Nature possesses—Removed as I am, from the amiable object of my tenderest affection, I have nothing to do but to admire this offspring of industry and art. It shall yield more fragrance to my soul than all the bouquets in the universe.

I did not care to pursue the thought—it touched a delicate string. At first, however, I flattered myself I should gain some consolation, but I lost in every reflection.

I considered the work as coming from your hand, and was delighted the more with it. A piece of steel that has been rubbed with a loadstone, retains the power of attracting small bodies of iron; so the beauties of this embroidery, springing from your hands continue to draw my attention, and fill the mind with ideas of the artist.

Farewell!

• LETTER XIV.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

How incompetent is the force of words to express some peculiar sensation! Expression is feeble when emotions are exquisite.

I wish you could be here to see with what ease and dignity everything comes from the hand of Harriet. I cannot give a description equivalent to the great idea I wish to convey. You will tell me I am in love. What is love? I have been trying to investigate its nature, to strip it of its mere term, and consider it as it may be supported by principle. I might as well search for the philosopher's stone.

Every one is ready to praise his mistress. She is always described in her "native simplicity" as "an angel" with a "placid mien," "mild, animated," "altogether captivating," and at length the task of description is given up as altogether "indescribable." Are not all these in themselves bare insignificant words? The world has so long been accustomed to hear the sound of them, that the idea is lost. But to the question, What is love! Unless it is answered now, perhaps it never will be. Is it not an infinitude of graces that accompany everything said by Harriet? That adorn all she does? They must not be taken severally, they cannot be contemplated in the abstract. If you proceed to a chemical analysis, their tenacious essence will evaporate; they are in themselves nothing, but the aggregate is love.

When an army composed of great numbers of men, moves slowly on at

a distance, nobody thinks of considering a single soldier.

Adieu!

LETTER XV.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

Am I to believe my eyes, my ears, my heart! and yet I cannot be deceived. We are generally most stupid and incredulous in what most materially concerns us. We find the greatest difficulty in persuading ourselves of the attainment of what we most ardently desire. She loves! I say to myself, Harriet loves me, and I reverence myself.

I think I may now take upon me some share of happiness. I may say I have not lived in vain, for all my heart holds dear is mine. Joy and love encompass me. Peace and tranquility are before me; the prospect is fair and promising as the dawn of a summer's day. There is none to supplant me in her affection. I dread no rival, for our tempers are similar, and our hearts beat in unison together.

Adieu!

LETTER XVI.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

Love softens and refines the manners, polishes the asperities of awkwardness, and fits us for the society of gentle beings. It goes further, it mends the heart, and makes us better men, it gives the faint-hearted an extraordinary strength of soul and renders them equal and frequently superior to danger and distress.

My passions you know are quick, my prejudices sometimes obstinate. She tells me these things are wrong. This gentle reprimand is so tempered with love that I think she commends me. I however promise a reform, and am much pleased with my improvement. Harriet moulds my heart into what form she chooses.

A little party is proposed to-morrow evening and I shall attend Harriet. These elegant relaxations prevent the degeneracy of human nature, exhilarate the spirits, and wind up this machine of ours for another revolution of business.

LETTER XVII.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

Our little party was overthrown by a strange piece of folly. A Miss P— was introduced, a young lady of beauty and elegant accomplishments. The whole company was beginning to be cheerful, business and care was disgusted at the sight of so many happy countenances, and had gone out from among us. Jollity and good humor bade us prepare for the dance. Unhappily at this juncture a lady and gentleman were engaged in a conversation concerning Miss P—, and one of them repeated the words "a mechanic's daughter." It is supposed the word "mechanic" was repeated scornfully. She heard it, thought herself insulted and indignantly retired. Disorder and confusion immediately took place, and the amusement was put an end to for the evening.

I wish people would consider how little time they have to frolic here,

that they would improve it to more advantage, and not dispute for any precedence or superiority but in good nature and sociability. "A mechanic's" and pray whence this distinction!

Inequality among mankind is a foe to our happiness, it even affects our little parties of pleasure. Such is the fate of the human race, one order of men lords it over another; but upon what grounds its right is founded I could never yet be satisfied.

For this reason, I like a democratical better than any other kind of government; and were I a Lycurgus no distinction of rank should be found in my commonwealth.

In my tour through the United States I had an opportunity of examining and comparing the different manners and dispositions of the inhabitants of the several republics. Those of the Southern States, accustomed to a habit of domineering over their slaves, are haughtier, more tenacious of honor, and indeed possess more of the aristocratic tempers than their sisters of the confederacy; as we travel to the northward, the nature of the constitution seems to operate on the minds of the people. Slavery is abolished, all men are declared free and equal, and their tempers are open, generous and communicative. It is the same in all those countries where the people enjoy independence and equal liberty. Why then should those distinctions arise which are inimical to domestic quietude, or why should the noisy voice of those who seek distinction, so loudly re-echo in the ears of peace and jollity, as to deafen the sound of the music? For while we are disputing who shall lead

off the dance, behold! the instrument gets out of tune, a string snaps, and where is our chance for dancing?

Adieu!

LETTER XVIII.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

My beloved has left me for a while, she has attended Mrs. Francis in a journey to Rhode Island, and here am I anxious, solitary, alone!

No thoughts, but thoughts of Harriet, are permitted to agitate me. She is in my view all the day long, and when I retire to rest my imagination is still possessed with ideas of Harriet.

Adieu!

LETTER XIX.

HARRINGTON TO HARRIET.

BOSTON.

If a wish arising from the most tender affection, could transport me to the object of my love, I persuade myself that you would not be troubled with reading this letter.

You must expect **nothing** like wit or humor, or even common sense, from me; wit and humor are flown with you, and your return only can restore them. I am sometimes willing to persuade myself that this is the case—I think I hear the well known voice, I look around me with the ecstasy of Orpheus but that look breaks the charm. I find myself alone, and my Eurydice vanished to the shades.

I hope you will not permit yourself to grow envious of the beauties of Rhode Island. Of the force of their

charms I am experimentally acquainted. Wherever fortune has thrown me it has been my happiness to imagine myself in love with some divine creature or other; and after all it is but truth to declare that the passion was seated more in the fancy than in the heart; and it is justice to acknowledge to you that I am now more provident of my passion, and never suffer the excursions of fancy, except when I am so liberal as to admit the united beauty of the Rhode Island ladies in competition with yours.

Where there are handsome women there will necessarily be fine gentlemen, and should they be smitten with your external graces, I cannot but lament their deplorable situation, when they discover how egregiously they have been cheated. What must be his disappointment, who thought himself fascinated by beauty, when he finds he has unknowingly been charmed by reason and virtue.

But this you will say contains a sentiment of jealousy, and is but a transcript of my apprehension and gloomy anxieties. When will your presence, like the sun in the spring, which dispels gloom and reanimates the face of nature, quiet these apprehensions? If it be not in a short time, I shall proceed on a journey to find you out; until then I commit you to the care of your guardian angel.

LETTER XX.

HARRINGTON TO HARRIET.

BOSTON.

Last night I went on a visit to your house. It was an adventure that would have done honor to the Knight of La Mancha. The moon ascended

a clear, serene sky, the air was still, the bells sounded the solemn hour of midnight. I sighed — and the reason of it I need not tell you. This was indeed a pilgrimage; and no Musselman ever travelled barefooted to Mecca with more sincere devotion.

Your absence would cause an insufferable *ennui* in your friends, were it

songs, and strew around the flowers of poetry. You need not, however, take to yourself any extraordinary addition of vanity on this occasion as your absence will not cause any re-pining:

"Harriet, our goddess and our grief no more."



"LAST NIGHT I WENT ON A VISIT TO YOUR HOUSE."

not for the art we have in making it turn to our amusement. Instead of wishing you were of our party, you are the goddess to whose honor we perform innumerable heathenish rites. Libations of wine are poured out, but not a guest presumes to taste it, until they implore the name of Harriet: we hail the new divinity in

But to give you my opinion on this important matter, I must descend to plain truth, and acknowledge I had rather adore you a present mortal than an absent divinity; and therefore wish for your return with more religious ardor than a devout disciple of the false prophet for the company of the *Houri*.

Thanks to the power of imagination for one fanciful interview. Methought I somewhere unexpectedly met you, but I was soon undeceived of my imaginary happiness, and I awoke repeating these verses:—

Though sleep her sable pinions spread,
My thoughts still run on you;
And visions hovering o'er my head
Present you to my view.

By fancy's magic pencil drest,
I saw my Delia move;
I clasped her to my anxious breast,
With tears of joy and love.

Methought she said, "Why thus forlorn?
Be all thy care resign'd;"
I 'woke and found my Delia gone,
But still the tear behind.

LETTER XXI.

HARRIET TO MYRA.

RHODE ISLAND.

We arrived here in safety, but our journey is not without incident, an incident which exhibits a melancholy picture of the wickedness and depravity of the human heart.

When we came to the house of Mrs. Martin, who, I suppose you know is cousin to Mrs. Francis, we were not a little astonished at the evident traces of distress in her countenance; all her actions were accompanied with an air of solemnity, and her former gaiety of heart was exchanged for sad, serious thoughtfulness. She, however, put on a face of vivacity upon our being introduced, but her cheerfulness was foreign to the feeling of her heart.

Mr. Martin was equally agitated; he endeavored to dispossess himself of an uncommon weight of remorse, but in vain. All his dissimulation could not conceal his emotion, nor his art abate the continual upbraidings of conscious guilt.

Mrs. Francis was anxious to enquire the cause of this extraordinary change, but wisely forebore adding to the distress of her friend, by desiring her to explain it, in a manner too precipitate. She was in a short time made acquainted with the particulars of the story—which is not more melancholy than uncommon.

Sometime after the marriage of Martin, the beautiful Ophelia, sister to Mrs. Martin, returned from an European visit, to her friends in Rhode Island. Upon her arrival, she received a polite offer from her brother-in-law of an elegant apartment at his house in town, which was cheerfully accepted. Fatal acceptance. He had conceived a passion for Ophelia and was plotting to gratify it. By a series of the most artful attentions, suggested by a diabolical appetite, he insinuated himself into her affections. He prevailed upon the heart of the unsuspecting Ophelia, and triumphed over her innocence and virtue.

This incestuous connection has secretly subsisted until the present time. It was interrupted by a symptom which rendered it necessary for Ophelia to retire into the country, where she was delivered of a child, at once the son and nephew of Martin.

This event was a severe mortification to the proud spirit of Shepherd, the father of Ophelia. His resentment to his daughter was implacable, and his revenge of the injury from Martin not to be satiated. The blaze of family dispute raged with unquenchable fury. The poor Ophelia received other punishment from the hand of a vindictive father than base recrimination.

The affection of Martin now became changed to the vilest hatred.

Thus doomed to suffer the blackest ingratitude from her seducer on the one hand; and to experience the severity of paternal vengeance on the other, and before her the gloomy prospect of a blasted reputation, what must be the situation of the hapless Ophelia! Hope, the last resort of the wretched, was forever shut out. There was no one whom she durst implore by the tender name of father, and he who had seduced her from her

duty and her virtue, was the first to brand her with the disgraceful epithets of undutiful and unchaste.

Perhaps it was only at this time that she became fully sensible of her danger; the flattery and dissimulation of Martin might have banished the idea of detection, and glossed over that of criminality; but now she awoke from her dream of insensibility, she was like one who had been deluded by an *ignis fatuus*

The STORY of OPHELIA.



Sam. Holt. Sc.

"O Fatal! Fatal Poison!"

FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE.

to the brink of a precipice, and there abandoned to his reflection to contemplate the horrors of the sea beneath him, into which he was about to plunge.

Whether from the promise of Martin, or the flattery of her own fancy, is unknown, but it is said she expected to become his wife, and made use of many expedients to obtain a divorcement of Martin from her sister. But this is the breath of rumor. Allowing it to be the truth, it appears to be the last attempt of despair; for such unnatural exertions, with the compunction attending them, represent a gloomy picture of the struggle between sisterly affection and declining honor. They, however, proved unavailable, and her efforts to that end, may with propriety be deemed a wretched subterfuge.

In the meanwhile the rage of Shepherd was augmenting. Time, instead of allaying, kindled the flame of revenge in the breast of the old man, a sense of the wounded honor of his family became every day more exquisite; he resolved to call a meeting of the parties in which the whole mystery should be developed — that Ophelia should confront her seducer, and a thorough enquiry and explication be brought about.

Ophelia exercised all her powers to prevent it; she entreated her father to consent to her desire, but her tears and entreaties were vain. To this earnest desire of his daughter Shepherd opposed the honor of his family. She replied that such a procedure would publish its disgrace, and be subversive of his intention; that she hoped to live retired from the world, and it was in his power to

accept her happy repentance. In extenuating, she wished not to vindicate her errors, but declared herself to be penetrated with a melancholy sense of her misconduct, and hoped her penitence might expiate her guilt. She now beheld the sin in the most glaring colors, the dangers to which she had been exposed, and acknowledged the effect of her temerity had impressed her mind with sincere contrition, "all persons" continued she "are not blessed with the like happiness of resisting temptation." She entreated her father, therefore, to believe her misfortune proceeded from credulity, and not from an abandoned principle; that they arose more from situation than a depraved heart. In asking to be restored to the power and protection of a parent, she protested she was not influenced by any other motive than a wish to demonstrate the sincerity of her repentance, and to establish the peace and harmony of the family.

Ophelia now became melancholy and her attention visibly bent on the manner of her death. As the time drew nigh, her sensibility became more and more exquisite. What was before distress, she now averred to be horror. Her conduct bordered upon insanity.

The day was appointed to bring to a settlement this unhappy business. The time of hearing arrived, — the parties met — the presence of Ophelia was necessary, she was missing. The unfortunate Ophelia died by her own hand.

Mrs. Shepherd entered the apartment of her daughter; she beheld her pale and trembling; she saw the

vial, and the cup with the remains of the poison. She embraced her lost child, "My Ophelia! my daughter! return — return to life!"

At this crisis entered the father. He was mute. He beheld his daughter struggling with the pangs of dissolution. He was dumb with grief and astonishment.

The dying Ophelia was conscious of the distress of her parents, and of her own situation. She clasped her mother's hand and raising her eyes to heaven was only heard to articulate. "LET MY CRIME BE FORGOTTEN WITH MY NAME. O FATAL! FATAL POISON!"

Adieu, my dear Myra, this unhappy affair has worked me into a fit of melancholy. I can write no more. I will give you a few particulars in my next. It is impossible to behold the effects of this horrid catastrophe and not be impressed with feelings of sympathetic sorrow.

LETTER XXII.

HARRIET TO MYRA.

RHODE ISLAND.

How frail is the heart! How dim is human foresight! We behold the gilded bait of temptation, and know not until taught by experience, that the admission of one error is but the introduction of calamity. One mistake imperceptibly leads to another, but the consequence of the whole bursting suddenly on the devoted head of an unfortunate wanderer, becomes intolerable. How acute must be that torture, which seeks an asylum in suicide! O, seduction! how many and how miserable are the victims of thy unrelenting vengeance.

Some crimes, indeed, cease to afflict when they cease to exist, but seduction opens the door to a dismal train of innumerable miseries.

You can better imagine the situation of the friends of the unfortunate Ophelia than I can describe it.

The writings she left were expressive of contrition for her past transaction, and an awful sense of the deed she was about to execute. Her miserable life was insupportable, there was no oblation but in death. She welcomed death, therefore, as the pleasing harbinger of relief to the unfortunate. She remembered her once loved seducer with pity, and bequeathed him her forgiveness. To say she felt no agitation was not just, but that she experienced a calmness unknown to a criminal was certain. She hoped the rashness of her conduct would not be construed to her disadvantage — for she died in charity with the world. She felt like a poor wanderer about to return to a tender parent, and flattered herself with the hopes of a welcome, though unbidden return. She owned the way was dark and intricate, but lamented she had no friend to enlighten her understanding, or unravel the mysteries of futurity. She knew there was a God who would reward and punish. She acknowledged she had offended Him and confessed her repentance. She expatiated on the miserable life she had suffered, not that she feared detection, that was impossible; but that she had been doing an injury to a sister who was all kindness to her; she prayed her sister's forgiveness even as she herself forgave her seducer; and that her crime might not be called ingratitude, because she was always

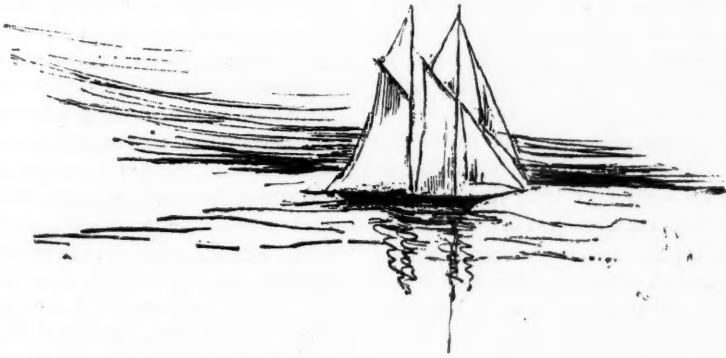
sensible of her obligations to that sister. She requested her parents to pardon her and acknowledged she felt the pangs of a bleeding heart at the shock which must be given to the most feeling of mothers. She entreated her sisters to think of her with pity, and died with assurance that her friends would so far revere her memory as to take up one thing or

another, and say this belonged to poor Ophelia.

O my friend! What scenes of anguish are here unfolded to the survivors. The unhappy Shepherd charged Martin with the seduction and murder of his daughter. What the termination of this most horrible affair will be is not easy to foresee.

Adieu!

(To be continued.)



PROGRESS OF THE SHOE AND LEATHER TRADE IN MASSACHUSETTS DURING THE PAST 274 YEARS.

BY ARTHUR WELLINGTON BRAYLEY.

CHAPTER II.

FROM a very early period the towns began to take precaution against the harboring of strangers who might become a charge. At Boston, May 1636, "it was ordered that no townsman shall entertain any strangers into their houses for above fourteen days, without leave from those that are appointed to order the town's business." At a later period, March 1647, the scope of this order was somewhat enlarged, and a definite penalty for any neglect to comply with its provision was established. At that time it was ordered that "no inhabitant shall entertain any man or woman from any other town or country as a sojourner or inmate with an intent to reside here, but shall give notice thereof to the selectmen of the town for their approbation within eight days after their coming to the town, upon penalty of twenty shillings." At the same time it was demanded that no inhabitant shall let or sell to any person any house or houses within the town "without first acquainting the selectmen of the town therewith." In March, 1652, both of these orders were re-enacted. Some years later (1659), at a general town-meeting, further orders were made upon the subject reciting that "whereas sundry inhabitants in this town have not so well attended to former orders made for the securing the town from sojourners, inmates, hired servant, servants, journeymen,

or other persons that come for help in physic or chirurgery, whereby no little damage hath already and much more may accrue to the town; for the prevention whereof it is therefore ordered that whosoever of our inhabitants shall henceforth receive any such persons before named, into their house or employment without liberty granted from the selectmen, shall pay twenty shillings for the first week and so from week to week twenty shillings, so long as they retain them, and shall bear all the charges that may accrue to the town by every such sojourner, journeyman, hired servant, inmate, etc., received or employed as aforesaid."

Provision was made, however, that if a satisfactory bond were given to the selectmen to secure the town from all charges, and the persons received were not "of notorious, evil life and manners," the fine might be remitted; and if any one who had given such a bond should give "such orderly notice to the selectmen that the town may be fully cleared of such person or persons, so received," his bond should be given up. Meanwhile, as a further precautionary measure, it was ordered in March, 1657, "That henceforth no person shall have liberty to keep shops within this town, or set up manufactures, unless they first be admitted inhabitants into the town."

On the breaking out of Philip's

War, the town took steps to prevent being burdened with charges which properly belonged to the whole colony, and under date of November, 1675, the town clerk made the following record:

"An humble request was presented to the General Court to settle some general way whereby those persons or families, who, by the outrage of the enemy, were bereaved of all means of their subsistence, or forced from their habitations, many whereof have come unto this town, may find such relief and redress that no particular town may be burdened thereby."

The freemen of the Commonwealth were justified in being jealous of their rights. Strangers and adventurers were ever ready to take advantage of the residents of the town and reap the results of their prosperity, without sharing in the general expense or tax. A standing rule required a freeman to be first, a member of the church, who, by a law of 1641, was to be admitted at any court presided over by two magistrates. In 1647, the following law was framed:

To the end, that the body of the freemen may be preserved of honest and good men, It is ordered, That henceforth no man shall be admitted to the freedom of this Commonwealth but such as are members of some of the churches, within the limits of this jurisdiction; and whereas many members of churches to exempt themselves from public service, will not come in to be made freemen. It is ordered, That no members of churches, within this jurisdiction, shall be exempt from any public service they shall be chosen to, by the inhabitants of the several towns, as constables, jurors, selectmen, surveyors of the highways,

and if any such person shall refuse to serve in or take upon him any such office, being legally chosen thereunto, he shall pay for every such refusal such fine as the town shall impose, not exceeding twenty shillings for one offence.

This measure was a necessity, as the franchise of freemen, before the passage of this act, was not eagerly sought after, since it carried with it many vexations and much thankless labor. The oath administered to each freeman was as follows:

I (A.B.) being by God's Providence an inhabitant, within the jurisdiction of this Commonwealth, and now to be made free; do here freely acknowledge myself to be subject to the Government thereof; and therefore do here swear by the great and dreadful Name of the Ever-living God, that I will be true and faithful to the same, and will accordingly yield assistance and support thereunto, with my person and estate, as in equity I am bound, and will also truly endeavor to maintain and preserve all the liberties and privileges thereof, submitting myself unto the wholesome laws made and established by the same. And further, that I will not plot or practise any evil against it, or consent to any that shall so do; and will timely discover and reveal the same to lawful authority now here established, for the speedy prevention thereof.

Moreover, I do solemnly bind myself in the sight of God, that when I shall be called to give my voice touching any such matter of this State, wherein freemen are to deal; I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall in mine own confidence judge best to conduce and tend to the public weal of the Body without respect of persons, or favor of any man, so help me God, etc.

But the law by which the taking of the oath was limited to members

of the church was, on August 3, 1644, repealed in order to satisfy an inquiry of the king. It was then determined that the plea of all Englishmen asking to be admitted, was to be taken under advisement by the General Court and voted upon, if he had a certificate under the hand of the minister of the place where they lived, and were orthodox in religion, of good moral character, free-holders and rateable to the country in a single county rate to the value of ten shillings; were in communion with some church; twenty-four years of age, householders and settled inhabitants in the jurisdiction.

It was quite a common thing for strangers to come to the town to engage in business at the beginning of the year. They would bring with them a large and valuable stock of English and other goods and ply their trade until September, when the taxes or order for collecting them was issued. They would then close their shop and quietly steal away from town without paying the lawful rates. This mean trade was affected by a law passed in 1665, making it lawful for the selectmen of each town to assess all strangers according to the cargo they brought into the country, and in case the merchants refused to give a just valuation of their goods, the officers were privileged to place on them such value as they pleased.

We must not forget when speaking of the general prosperity of the colony and of its rapid commercial growth, that there was a period in its beginnings so gloomy that it greatly discouraged Governor Winthrop and other leaders of the colonization movement. This disaster came after the

meeting of the Long Parliament. "The Parliament of England setting upon a general reformation both of Church and State," says Winthrop, in June, 1641, "the Earl of Strafford being beheaded, and the Archbishop (our great enemy) and many others of the great officers and judges, bishops and others, imprisoned and called to account, this caused all men to stay in England in expectation of a new world; so, as few coming to us, all foreign commodities grew scarce and our own of no price." Old England was now more attractive to all classes than even the new Commonwealth rising in the free wilderness. The tide of emigration was at once stayed. Gradually, however, it turned and the flow was directed back to the Old World. True, there were many who left these shores who could be spared, but with them went magistrates and elders, as well as men of wealth and value, who, as they departed, expressed a determination to remain during the rest of their lives in their old homes. This movement had the effect of temporarily prostrating the interest of the colony, both from the suspension of foreign trade as well as the depreciation of the products of the colony, a deplorable condition of affairs which made it impossible for debtors to meet their obligations. But the trouble was like a passing cloud. A year or two and the current of commerce and of emigration was again sweeping toward the New World and our colony once more took upon itself renewed activity.

Newspapers were at that time a coming feature of the State. Laudatory accounts of the country together

with articles urging men to carry out certain commercial enterprises were not circulated far and wide, but in the absence of these, men of public spirit visited certain sections and incited the inhabitants to carry on a certain line of trade. Of these public benefactors Mr. Hugh Peters was the most prominent. He travelled from town to town and lectured publicly and in private upon the advantages of the fishing business and of foreign commerce. So conscientiously and effectively did he labor that he is credited with stirring the inhabitants of Salem to such enthusiasm that the town advanced so rapidly in commercial affairs as to enable her to dispute pre-eminence with Boston, even when local advantages gave superiority to the latter. In fact, business throughout the State received such an impetus that large numbers of merchants and mechanics came from Europe to share in the general prosperity, so that it was not long before artisans, as a class, who, in the beginning had attended to farming more than to their regular trade, were now divided, each man pursuing the calling of which he was master. Shoemakers, curriers, tanners and glovers were plentiful and were scattered in all the towns of the colony, but Boston more than any other town seems to have had a numerous representation of the trade. Lynn and Salem was well supplied and soon surpassed the New England Metropolis in the extent of the manufacture of shoes. The trade never was carried on to any extent in Plymouth, the favorite site being on the Five Brooks at the north of the town. Near the third, Deacon

Hurst erected, in 1640, the first tannery in the town, while George Prince, shortly after, had one near the fourth brook. I cannot positively assert that any tanners or shoemakers came with Garrett and plied their trade in Boston as the town records do not begin until 1634, but there are several other authorities that give the exact date of the landing of several who followed this vocation.

There were members of the shoemakers' craft who wandered from town to town and caused no end of trouble to the townspeople as this class of tramp cobblers had no money and were frequently an expense to the town for their support. In fact, this was an annoyance from which Boston more than any other colony suffered, as the town was easily accessible both by land and sea.

By 1682, the population of the town had grown so large that many mechanics and others could not find employment, and the children of such families were often allowed to spend their time in idleness in the streets or around the wharves. There was early enacted a law which gave a magistrate the power to place idle persons in the house of correction, but a work house was not erected until 1738. This was a large brick building at the corner of Park and Tremont Street, adjoining the house of correction, where for years a number of both sexes of all ages were employed in various occupations.

Frequently mention is made of shoemakers being ordered before the selectmen to be examined as to their substance; when found to be without means they were warned to depart from the town. The most noted of

this class was Alexander Callman or Coleman, the Quaker cobbler, who in his religious frenzy, entered the Third Meeting House during service, clothed in a bloody coat and then with a voice shrill from excitement, denounced the congregation for the cruelties to his people and their errors in religion. He was followed in his exhortation by Thomas Newhouse, who, holding over his head two glass bottles brought them together with a crash, saying, "thus will the Lord break you in pieces."

Coleman kept a cobbler shop at Timothy Batts' house, where, on March 20, 1678, his property, to the value of twenty shillings, was seized for keeping a shop contrary to the town's orders, but this measure did not have the desired effect of ridding the town of his presence, they therefore banished him together with several others by force.

Thomas Wardhall, a shoemaker, was admitted to the church in 1633, and became a freeman in 1635, but was disarmed for heresy in 1637, for following the teachings of Rev. John Wheelwright and Anne Hutchinson. He removed with the former to Exeter, in 1638. In 1635 he was entrusted to look after the cows that pastured at the Neck.

Richard Scott, also a shoemaker, was admitted to the church in 1634. He married Bathshua, daughter of Rev. John Oxenbridge, pastor of the First Church, who left her a large tract of one half an acre at the corner of Tremont and Beacon Streets, the site of the Pavilion.

James Everell, cordwainer, as shoemakers were sometimes called, was one of the wealthiest and most

prominent men in the colony. He took the freeman's oath in 1634, and was from 1647 to 1649 a selectman. He brought quite a sum of money with him from Europe, and his keen

James Everell

business foresight enabled him to take advantage of opportunities that proved very profitable. In fact, Mr. Everell may be called the first shoe merchant in Massachusetts who carried on the business upon an extensive scale. By degrees he built up a foreign trade, and had a number of men manufacturing for him. He owned large tracts of real estate in and around Boston, from which he sold portions to fellow craftsmen. His homestead became famous as being the home of Benjamin Franklin. This site was described in 1643 as "One house and house-lott with the streets Eastwards to Northwards, the lane Southwest, John Button, Nicholas Willis, and George Burrell Southeast." In other words, it embraced nearly the whole front of Hanover Street, between Elm and Union Streets, his dwelling being on the westerly and southwesterly part. He mortgaged it in 1648 and 1649 to Governor Thomas Dudley for £30 and £75, respectively, and in 1652 to Governor Simon Bradstreet for £150. This indebtedness was soon discharged, and the following year that portion of his property which later became the famous "Blue Ball," the property of Josias Franklin, father of the philosopher, was sold in 1659 to Mr. Henry Maudesley, and

the contiguous portion to Josiah Cobham, a Webster. The site of the old house and grounds is now a part of Hanover Street, being added to that thoroughfare when it was widened. It was here that Franklin spent his boyhood, and where the famous scenes of his early life were passed. In that house young Franklin shocked his father by proposing to say grace over the whole barrel of beef they were putting down in the lump, instead of over each piece in detail as it came to the table. The unprofitable investment in a whistle was made while there, and the famous cobble-stone wharf was built on the shore of the old mill cove, from the yard of the Green Dragon Tavern, which almost adjoined his home.

The dock at this cove was leased by the town to George Burden, a

butcher and shoemaker, or perhaps a tanner, who lived on Washington Street. There was a wharf opposite his house in 1641, and he together with Everell had permission from the selectmen to "sink a pit, and put a vessel therein (so that they cover the same) to water their leather in; and if it be found an annoyance to the town, then they are to fill it up again." A road around both sides of the cove from this lot to one owned by John Lowe was laid out in 1642; the town in 1649 sold the reversion of the dock to James Everell until 1726, for £6, 16s. 10d, "to the school use," it was then ordered that all the land at the head of the cove "round about by John Glover's, George Burden's, Hugh Gunnison's, William Tinge's, William Franklin's, Robert Nashe's, and



TRIANGULAR WAREHOUSE, SITE AT ONE TIME OWNED BY JAMES EVERELL.

eight feet to the eastward of it is highway, as also from the eastward side of the eight feet, and round about by the corner of Edward Bendall's brick house, and so by Samuel Cole's house, as also to Edward Tinge's wharf shall go a highway of twenty feet in breadth," which thoroughfare corresponds with our North Market Street and Merchant's Row. The head of the dock was the common landing place as early as 1634, when there was a bridge or pier there.

Mr. Everell was also the owner of that irregular piece of marsh land on which was erected the celebrated Triangular Warehouse. This building was located at what is known as the corner of Merchant's Row and North Market Street near the large creek that made up as far as Dock Square, which is now occupied by Quincy Market and other warehouses, and was in the early days first Bendall's, and subsequently the Town Dock, around which was the business section of the town. This marsh was originally the property of Governor Richard Bellingham the noted magistrate whose marriage with Penelope Pelham caused so much trouble to the wise law makers of New England. The Governor sold this territory in equal parts to Joshua Scottow and Christopher Lawson, while a portion came in the possession of John Shaw, who sold it October 25, 1648, and he to Scottow in May, 1650. Of the old Triangular Warehouse we are told that its origin is "involved in a happy obscurity," but why pleasure should be expressed over the mystery of its origin is not known. It was demolished in 1824.

He owned a farm of 115½ acres at Braintree, also two and three-quarters acres of marsh lands, while together with Richard Woody he leased Bird Island in 1650, for a term of sixty years, paying for the same 12d. in silver, or one bushel of salt per annum.

He sold several lots from his Hanover Street property; among his customers were William Corser, a cobbler and sealer of leather, and John Stevenson, a shoemaker.

In 1651 Mr. Everell purchased the house, brewhouse, warehouse, and wharf belonging to Edward Tyng, who describes it as "My wharf at the end of the great street," and along which on the south went "the town's way down upon the flats,"—which corresponds to the present State Street below Merchants Row; and the street was then designated as "Mr. Hill's highway, twenty feet broad," which followed the shore of the cove to the present Dock Square. In the next century, 1732, the rich Huguenot merchant, Andrew Faneuil had his warehouse where Tyng's wharf stood, the present lower corner of Merchants Row. In 1743 Richard Smith here kept the Admiral Vernon Tavern. About 1750 there seems to have been a change, for in the State archives there is a petition from Smith to be licensed to keep the "Crown Coffee House" at the lower end of King Street, which had been licensed for nearly forty years. At the same date James Gooch, Jr., took possession of the "Vernon's Head," as his petition calls it. The Admiral Vernon Tavern stood at the corner of Chatham Row, projecting into the street. It

was the first house on Long Wharf, which pier, after the flats had been filled in below Merchants Row, was projected by Oliver Noyes and others in 1707.

Our worthy shoemaker appears to have owned the site of the present Brazier Building, on which land stood the old Meeting House, or First Church taken down or disused in 1640. Everell owned the property in 1654-56, when he was enjoined to make safe a cellar on the spot. William Corser was a neighbor.

It was principally to the efforts of Mr. Everell that Boston took the lead in the shoe and leather business during the first half century. With his death, in 1683, came a change, and other towns took the business.

Angel Holland was another early shoemaker, who took the oath in 1636, and lived near the water between North and Commercial Streets. He had a son Thomas, born 1644, but I do not know as to whether or not he carried on the trade of his father.

The next knight of St. Crispin of whom we have record is Mr. Edmund Jackson, who was closely associated

Edmund Jackson

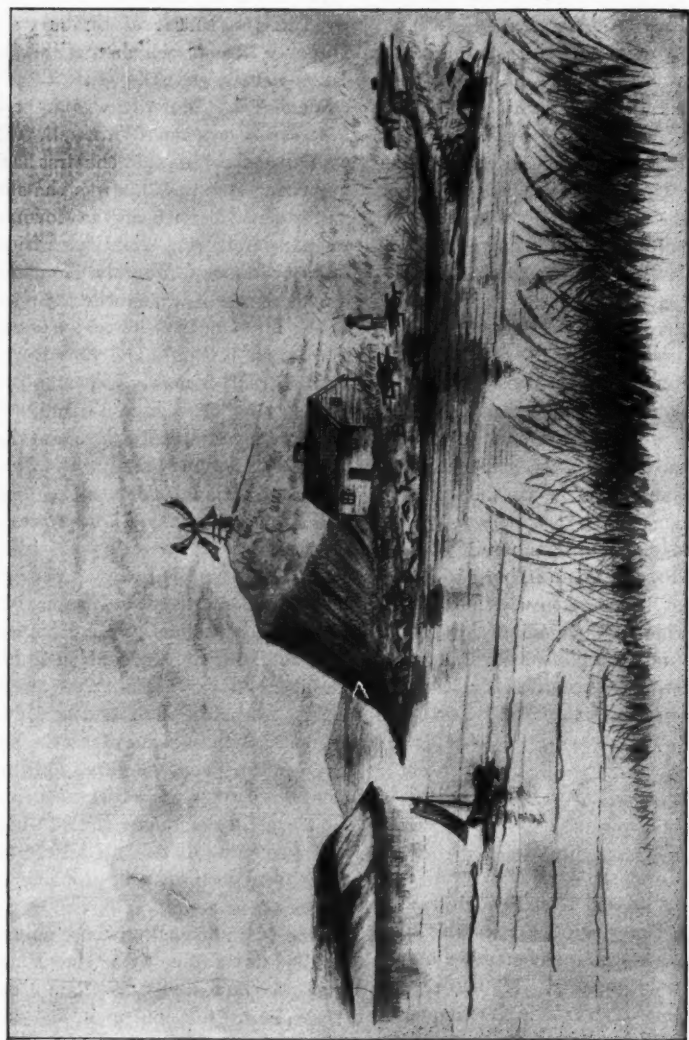
in business with Mr. Everell. He took the freeman's oath in 1636, and served the town as constable, and was also a prominent member of the Artillery Company. He had several pieces of real estate in Boston, many of which he sold to excellent advantage; one of two acres were situated in what was the "New Field" now that territory west of Cambridge

Street, and south of Leverett Street extending to the water line. George Burden, Thomas Buttolph, and Robert Turner adjoined him. He lived at the corner of Sudbury and Hanover Streets, which territory became famous as the site of the Orange Tree Inn. It was kept in 1712 by Jonathan Wardwell, who established at this spot the first hackney coach stand. This was the shoe and leather district of the town, as in his immediate vicinity resided James Johnson, Jeremy Houchins, James Everell, and others in this line. Mr. Jackson owned a house and lot on Wilson Lane, now Devonshire Street, formerly a part of the property of Rev. John Wilson. He lived a long and useful life, and died in 1683, leaving six sons John, Thomas, Samuel, Jeremiah, Isaac and Edmund to share his comfortable fortune.

John Jepson died in very poor circumstances. He came to Boston about 1637 and occasionally plied his calling, but paid more attention to husbandry. He was allowed twelve acres of meadow land at the Mount to feed his three head of cattle, paying for the privilege three shillings per acre "upon the entrance of the platform or bounders thereof, after the surveying of it." His son John was born in 1657, and probably followed the trade.

The only shoemaker whose name is handed down to us by a famous landmark is honest old William Copp. He came to this continent sometime

William Copp



COPP'S HILL, RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM COPP, SHOEMAKER.

during the last of the first decade of the colony's existence and took the freeman's oath in 1641, and in 1658 was granted one hundred acres of land at Braintree for the pasturing of his cattle. He took up his residence on a spot in what was called the "Mill Field," where a small cove flowed south of him and marsh land stretched toward the south-east. He had as neighbors others of the craft, notably, Thomas Buttolph on the south-east and John Button on the north-west, the river being on the north. Mr. Copp lived on the extreme limits of the hill, well towards the present Prince Street. This eminence was most prominent of the three hills that gave Boston the name of of Trimountain, and has been known at various times as Windmill Hill, Snow Hill, and last as Copp's Hill. It was about fifty feet in height and rose with a gentle ascent from Hudson's Point, whence the ferry boat of Francis Hudson, the fisherman, started for Charlestown. On its northerly side, fronting Charlestown, it presented somewhat of an abrupt face, while the three sides bounded by the thoroughfares now known as Charter, Prince and Salem Streets, were of a gradual and easy slope. Upon the summit of this hill was a level plain which in early days had been the site of a noted windmill, and from which the hill itself had taken its earliest remembered name of "Windmill Hill." The old windmill had formerly performed the accustomed work at Newton; for Governor Winthrop tells us that it would not grind unless favored with a westerly wind, consequently it was in 1632 moved to the hill in question, and was the first appliance of its kind

erected in Boston. In later days the same elevation obtained the name of Snow Hill, which is now kept in remembrance by Snowhill Street, which in early times was on the north-westerly side, though it now encroaches upon the graves of the former residents of the North End, passing over the edge of the old bluff, extending itself in a westerly direction to Charter Street on the north-easterly side.

The beach at the foot of the headland, opposite Charlestown, was made into a street with earth taken from the summit of the hill which was where Snowhill Street now crosses it. This made Lynn Street — our Commercial Street extension — and afforded a continuous route along the water. Going north the rising ground at Richmond Street indicates the beginning of the ascent, and Hull Street has contracted its limits by separating it from its old western boundary, Prince Street. At a later day the foot of the hill at the north-easterly side was called New Guinea, on account of its being exclusively inhabited by blacks.

The Poet Whittier in his beautiful poem entitled "The King's Missive," thus describes the location of our shoemaker:

"The Autumn haze lay soft and still
On wood and meadow and upland farms;
On the brow of Snow Hill the Great Wind-
mill
Slowly and lazily swung its arms;
Broad in the sunshine stretched away
With its capes and islands the turquoise
bay;
And over water and dusk of pines
Blue Hills lifted their faint outlines.
The topaz of the walnut glowed,
The sumach added its crimson fleck,
And double in air and water showed

The tinted maples along the Neck.
Through frost-flower clusters of pale star
mist,
And gentian fringe of amethyst,
And royal plumes of the goldenrod,
The grazing cattle on sentry trod."

The illustration shows Copp's homestead and near by was the water mill, which with the causeway across the marsh, formed the dam. Could any one desire a more lovely spot to dwell! Truly, the shoemaker and tanner had an eye to the beautiful as well as for convenience when selecting their homesteads.

In his will, in 1669, Mr. Copp calls himself "sick and weak; a cordwainer by occupation;" and he leaves the enjoyment of the house to his wife "Gooddeth." In his inventory his house, outhouses, orchard, garden and land about the house, are valued at £80. Why the place was called "Copp's Hill Burying Ground" is not known, except it be in honor of the old shoemaker or his celebrated son David, the Elder, an important man at the North End. Mr. Copp did not die until March, 1670, aged sixty-one years, ten years after the establishment of the cemetery, and his son lived until November 20, 1713. They, as well as the other members of the family, were interred in the graveyard that a few years earlier was located on the brow of the hill.

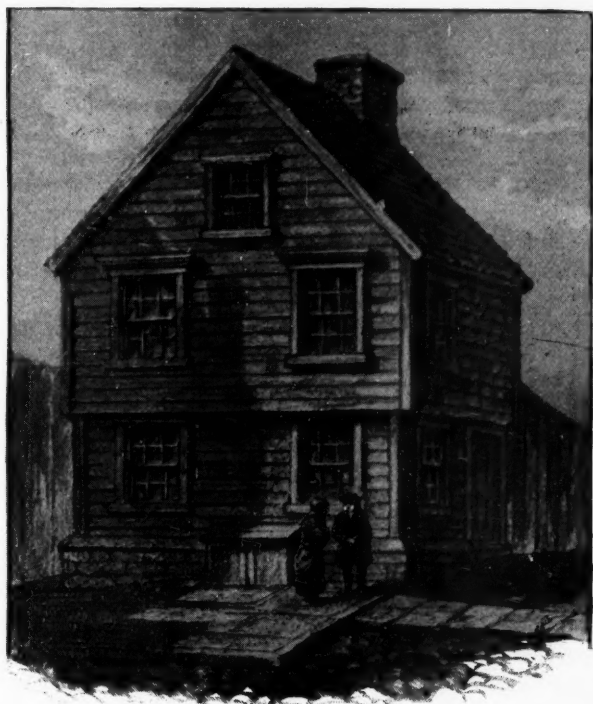
Not far from this point and taking part of the property of the Gas Company, early in the next century Joshua Gee had a ship-yard, and he owned adjacent lands, which fell in 1724 to his son Ebenezer, and finally wholly to Rev. Joshua Gee who died in 1748, when the estate was divided.

The works erected by the British, from which they bombarded the

Americans on Bunker Hill and set fire to Charlestown, was on the summit of this eminence, near the southwest corner of the Burial Ground. It was a small affair, consisting, when it was visited in the following year (1776), of only a few barrels of earth to form parapets. Three twenty-eight pounders, mounted on carriages, were left spiked within. The battery was covered by a small earthwork to the rear designed for the infantry. Traces of these works remained until the summit was levelled in 1807.

"At the foot of Henchman's Lane," says Drake, in his Landmarks of Boston, "when the work of excavation was proceeding at this point, there was uncovered an arch built of brick, of large dimensions, with an opening at the water side. There was originally a high bank at the place,—the arch spanning the then Lynn Street and communicating with the cellar of a house on the north side. About forty years ago [1832], when digging for the foundation of the house on the east side of the street, the remains of the arch were found, and are still to be seen in the cellar of the house opposite Henchman's Lane.

Those who examined it while it was intact are of the opinion that it was intended as a place of concealment for smugglers and their contraband goods. Many speculations were indulged as to its origin and its uses, the theory that it was a retreat for pirates being the favorite one. Time has disclosed that it was built by a Captain Gruchy, during the French wars, and used as a place of deposit for captured goods. These old arches were a unique feature of old Boston and doubtless began to be built about



BIRTH-PLACE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, SITE FORMERLY OWNED BY JOHN STEVENSON.

the time Randolph made the attempt to collect the king's excise."

Robert Reynolds was admitted as a freeman in 1634, and lived at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets, now occupied by the Boston Transcript. He died April 27, 1659, and his will dated 1658, printed in the New England Historic Genealogical Register of April, 1855, gives his house and orchard, after his wife's decease, to his son Nathaniel, who removed to Bristol, R. I. A family distinguished in the medical profession represents the blood in Boston to-day.

As neighbors he had John Stevenson, another Crispin, who was admitted in 1642. Stevenson purchased a lot from James Everell, on Hanover Street, but also had a house and garden on Milk Street, which afterwards became known as the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin. His widow married William Blackstone and the lot passed, in 1646, to Abraham Page and then to John Hansett of Roxbury. Nathaniel Bishop, for years a sealer of leather, was his next neighbor. Hawley Street formerly bore the name of Bishop Alley in honor of that trader.

William Philpott and Robert Turner were admitted by the selectmen as townsmen April 25, 1642. Both were shoemakers. Turner, in 1644, purchased a house and garden, at the corner of Washington and Court Streets, from Valentine Hill. Thomas Buttolph, the leather dresser, lived on the adjoining lot.

Mr. Philpott was admitted a member of the church in 1642. He had a shop and residence near Mr. Everell in the leather district on Hanover Street. This territory remained identified as the home of the shoe and leather trade for two hundred years when it moved farther up town.

Like James Everell, Thomas Marshall was one of the most prominent

Thomas Marshall

men in the colony. He emigrated to this country about the same time as Everell, but was not admitted to the church until 1635, and a year later became a freeman. He signed a subscription, in 1636, to pay Daniel Mand for teaching school, being the only one of the trade to donate money for that purpose. He, together with Mr. Everell, was appointed a selectman on March 13, 1647, and held that office until January 11, 1657-8, although his companion discontinued his connections with the board February 26, 1649.

It is a noticeable fact that scarcely a year passed without one or more members of the craft serving in office. In March, 1647, we find the two worthies, above mentioned, acting as selectmen, while Thomas Buttolph was appointed constable and William

Copp, William Corser and John Stevenson did duty as sealers of leather; making six workers in leather to hold a town office out of a possible fourteen. Thomas Grubbe and Robert Turner were just retiring from office.

In 1654-56, Deacon Marshall held the office of Recorder, one of the highest gifts in the power of the townspeople and at one time was appointed "by general consent for the keeping of a ferry from the Mylne Point unto Charlestown, on to Winnesemitt, and to take for his ferrying unto Charlestown, as the ferryman then hath, and unto Winnesemitt for a single person, 6d; for two, 6d, and for every one above the number of two, 2d a piece". He owned considerable real estate and lived on a half acre lot, bounded by the marsh southeast, John Paine or John Knight northeast, the street northwest and southwest, that is, at the foot of Blackstone Street, south of Hanover Street, and but a few feet from his friend Everell and the other Crispins. In fact, it is recorded, in 1636, that "the streetway from the gates next James Everell's toward ye Mylne is to run straight along in an even line to John Pemberton's house, and to raynge between Thomas Marshall's house and Sarggant Savage's house; and to be within the street between payle and payle on either side two pole bredth."

September 8, 1648, he purchased of John Wilson more land in the district near the water mill, after which it appears that Marshall owned both sides of the mill creek and cove up to the highway. In 1651, he offered to the town a highway sixteen feet wide through his ground, to ex-

tend straight to the mill bridge, but it was not at first accepted as the town did not care to be at the expense of maintaining it. The present Marshall Street, however, would indicate that the short cut was eventually established and by it the name of another shoemaker has been made a familiar term to Bostonians.

John Jepson was a neighbor of Mr. Marshall. He was disarmed for heresy in 1637, but was soon again in the good graces of the community and highly esteemed for his ability and honesty. He died at an advanced age leaving a son Eliakim, born 1637

John Collins was on February 24, 1639, granted twelve acres of land at Mount "Wollystone" for the pasturage of three heads of cattle, for which he paid three shillings per head per annum. This shoemaker was admitted to the church in Boston and a freeman in 1646, he having previously lived at Monaticott. He was a member of the artillery company in 1644, and owned half a house and garden in Boston, having John Sanford north and Thomas Leader south. His son Thomas was born in 1645.

William English was admitted in 1652, but I can not learn where he was located. He was for a few years a sealer of leather, but shortly after I find that he is included in the list of men to whom warrants were made out and served by the constable, to inspect that part of the town within their precincts to prevent excessive drinking and disorder. Among others of the shoemaker's trade included in this list were Messrs. Copp, Jepson, Chever and Everell, which is conclusive evidence of the moral character of the men. Richard Webb is men-

tioned in 1656 as having "lately erected a frame of a house coming three feet or thereabouts upon the town's land. We hereby declare that the said Richard Webb hath so erected the said frame without the consent of the selectmen." Where the house was situated, or what disposition they made of it, I am unable to learn.

William Corser was one of the most original characters among the

William Corser

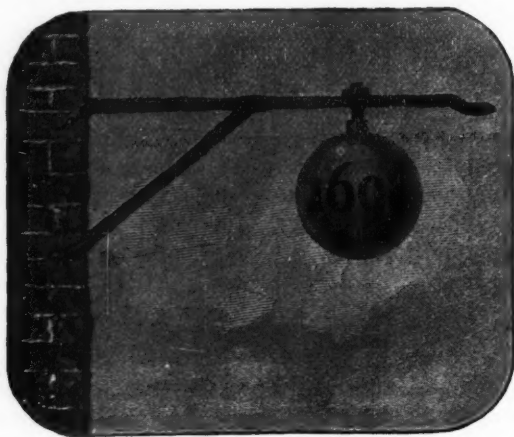
little band of colonists. He was ever ready to enter into any pursuit, either for honor or recompense, that the townspeople would give, but judging from most of the positions he held, those offering the largest pecuniary reward were most often sought for. He is generally classed as a victualler and I have no doubt he found that business much more profitable than any other, as he was among the few who were licensed or allowed to "keep a cook shop and to draw beer," which permit was granted to him September 9, 1652. Up to this time his trade was that of a cobbler, a title, by the way, given only to him, so that he must have been a shoe tinker and not a shoemaker, as the other members of the craft are called cordwainers or shoemakers. He was admitted to the church November 8, 1635, and although an illiterate man held the confidences of his neighbors.

The first public office held by Mr. Corser was that of town crier, to which he was appointed September 28, 1640, but was soon tired of it. Three years later he was pound-keeper

for swine, for which he was to be paid by the owner of the swine, one peck of Indian corn for "every such swine and every such trespass, and in case they be not owned in twenty-four hours after the said empounding they shall be accounted and used as a stray." This task occupied him for about three weeks, for which he was paid by the town an extra twenty shillings. The next month he was appointed "to give notice to all men that had set up pattens and shares

and as he was a good judge of leather, much better than his skill in working it, the town people gladly gave him the position. Associated with him at different times as inspector were William Copp, Evan Thomas and John Stevenson; but of those who filled this office during the first quarter of a century of the colony I will give further particulars in another chapter.

In 1649 Mr. Corser bought from James Everell a house lot on Hano-



SIGN OF THE BLUE BALL.

against their fences in the public streets, to remove them;" and it is not until March 18, 1647, that he is selected as one of the first sealers of leather, a position he held until 1761, a term of service far in excess of any other person. This may probably be attributed to the fact that as a small income was attached to the position he found it much more to his interest to remain a member of the board, at the same time accepting anything else at which he could "turn a shilling,"

ver Street, which he shortly afterwards sold to John Chamberlyn. Later he had a house and garden near Spring Lane on Washington Street.

Elder Thomas Oliver lived on the next lot, near which, on the line of the present Spring Lane, was the ancient spring gate of the first comers. In the provincial period Water Street was extended through Oliver's lot into the present Washington Street on the northerly corner, at the sign of the "Heart and Crown." It

was here that Thomas Fleet in 1731 had his printing office, and where, in 1735, he began the publication of the *Boston Evening Post*.

Corser also had a lot on Washington below State Street, which seems to be the site afterward occupied by William Tilley, whose wife Alace, under power from her husband, conveyed it in 1649 to Anthony Stoddard. Robert Turner, the shoemaker, bought the lot opposite from Valentine Hill in 1644, when the estate of Thomas Buttolph adjoined him. He had one son, John, born in 1642, who assisted his father in his hotel or victualling business in which the father engaged up to the time of his death. He is called in his will Corser, and being "weak of body makes his mark." His wife was named Joanna.

Another member of the craft, William Salter, was received to the church in 1635 and made a freeman in 1636, but like several others of his trade, engaged in the religious discussion in 1637 and was humiliated by being disarmed, but his disgrace was of short duration as he was soon after engaged as jailer, a position for which he abandoned the shoemaker's bench. Beside an eighty acre farm at Muddy River, he owned a house and garden at the southerly end of Boylston Street and east of the Common. In 1689 this lot was assigned to his son Jabez, who in 1718 gave it to his nephew, James Barry. He had two other sons, Peleg and Elisha. The lot extended beyond the present Carver Street, and followed nearly the line of Pleasant Street in bounding the marsh. He owned another valuable site bounded by the Common, north, the bay, west, and Eliot

Street, south and east. This lot was sold in 1678 by Mary, his widow, to John Leverett. Mr. Salter was also allowed on April 24, 1650, land for a fish house on a piece of sunken marsh by the side of the creek at the South End or Back Bay, near Castle Street.

He was modest and generous, but thrifty and ever ready to do a kindness for his neighbors. Although of very limited means he subscribed four shillings per year for the benefit of a free school, and on September 28, 1657, in company with Captain Johnson, gave bonds to save the town from expense of Gaudy James, a fellow-tradesman.

Edward Cowell came here some time before 1640 and is called a "cordwainer." He lived on Short Street, afterward Kingston Street, nearly opposite Essex, being separated from Thomas Buttolph by a tract of common land on the other side of the street. He and his wife Sarah sold it in 1671 to Rev. James Allen of the First Church, who was reported to be "very rich," and he, having a speculative tendency, sold it the next year.

William Shattock, shoemaker, was admitted a townsman August 26, 1652. The names of a few men of the craft are mentioned previous to 1700. They are William Gilbert, November 35, 1668; Thomas Thortone, journeyman shoemaker; Thomas Kirke, James Cornish, John Field 1687; Thomas Davis, 1695. All were useful citizens and plied their vocation with profit to themselves as well as to the town.

There is no good reason to warrant the statement that shoemakers came here before other workers in leather.

One had as good prospects as the other, while neither could do much at his trade until the population had increased. Of those who followed the vocation of tanners I have been able to trace the following who are definitely called such, while they who are credited with being curriers and leather dressers may also have been tanners, and those who were appointed sealers of leather must have been in some way connected with the trade, as they were required to judge as to the quality of the tanned hides.

Thomas Grubbe, Grubor Grubb, was one of the earliest tanners to arrive. Possibly, he may have come in the ship *Arbella*. In the second entry, in the first book of Town Records, July 8, 1634, is an order appointing Mr. Grubb, together with several others, a committee to make a rate for levying a tax of £40 as a first payment of a large sum ordered by the General Court. Six months later he was to attend to an order regarding fences in his district (designated the New Field). The next public trust assigned him was as manager of the highways toward Roxbury. Two other leather men, Marshall and But-ton, were appointed with a similar board for the highways extending to the "Mylne." Mr. Grubb had a servant or apprentice, by name Abell Porter, who, on February 19, 1637, was granted a house lot in Boston and a great lot, sufficient for two heads of cattle, at the Mount. The Boston lot was at the extreme end of Windmill Point. This territory could appropriately be dubbed leather land, as not only the tanners of hides were there, but a man bearing the name of

William Leatherland lived on a street adjoining Porter.

Master Grubb had a fish house on this land. Together with Messrs. Turner, Everell and Willis, he was chosen constable, March 23, 1646, while he frequently was appointed a sealer of leather. The old gentleman lived on Washington Street, between School and Winter Streets, near the corner of Bromfield, or as it was early called Rawson's Lane and later Bromfield Lane in honor of Edward Bromfield, a distinguished merchant, who lived on the southerly side, the site of the Bromfield House.

Mr. Grubb was a thrifty tanner and his large vats were always well stocked. That he was one of the foremost in his trade is attested by the fact of his being associated with four of the other largest tanners in what at our day would be called a trust. On February 27, 1642, an entry is recorded granting Thomas Grubbe, James Everell, James Johnson, Myles Tarne and Thomas Buttolph, leather dressers, a place in which to water their leather. A spot was selected by Messrs. Thomas Oliver and William Hibbin in the creek at the foot of Water Street; and to prove that their choice was correct, it is only necessary to state, that the most influential tanner of the time, Deacon Henry Bridgham, soon after bought the territory and it became the rendezvous of the trade. But Bridgham did not have a monopoly, as vats were sunk near by on land belonging to the town, which the town loaned for a period of seven years. The following entry, made January 28, 1660, is self-explanatory: "It is agreed that Thomas Grubbe,

Sen., shall enjoy the pitts by Henry Bridgham, that formerly Thomas Buttolph, Sen., preserved, he paying rent in proportion with Captain Johnson and to enjoy them for seven years."

Mr. Grubbe was always enterprising and entered into many business ventures, among which was leasing Spectacle Island. At his death, in 1692, he left his family, consisting of a widow and three sons, Samuel (1641), John (1644), and Herman (1645), a fairly large fortune.

"James Johnson, glover." Such was the entry of one of the most

James Johnson

prosperous leather dressers or tanners in the good old Puritan town.

Although designated by the above mentioned trade, he is often included in the contracts made by the town with the other tanners, so that it is quite safe to say that his principal business was in the latter line, while his specialty was the manufacture of gloves and no doubt his vats were devoted to making leather for this purpose. Be this as it may, Johnson was always with the other members of the craft and enjoyed the privileges of allotments of land, etc.

The first grant of territory, for the exclusive use of tanners, was recorded April 26, 1641, when Messrs Johnson, Buttolph and Tarne were each allowed a rod of land adjoining William Hibbins' estate at the creek, just off Water Street, which, when ordered, they were to surrender to the town. The area of this site was, February 27, 1642, extended so that it could be

used by Messrs. Grubbe and Everell. But when the disagreements arose between the town and the tanners regarding the creek, Johnson, in 1656, hired all the west land belonging to the town on the south side of the creek by Mr. Winthrop's warehouse, the land adjoining being leased to Benjamin Ward. This territory included the marsh at the foot of Milk Street; later it was conveyed by Johnson to Thomas Hull. In 1673 Nathaniel Bishop lived there, when the house was known as "The Blue Bell." The next year it was jointly tenanted by Deacon Henry Alline and Hugh Drury, and in 1692 it was called "The Castle Tavern."

The present bend of Batterymarch Street was laid out in 1673. This land cost Johnson £4 10 s. per year, which sum was appropriated to the use of the free school. He still held his right of the town tan-vats, for which he paid ten shillings per year, a like sum being paid by the other tanners. The town authorities notified them March 26, 1660, that an aggregate of forty shillings per year must be received from the land, otherwise it would be taken for a different purpose. But Johnson did not consider it a good bargain, and a year later he was released from his agreement and the vats rented to Deacon Bridgham for fifteen shillings.

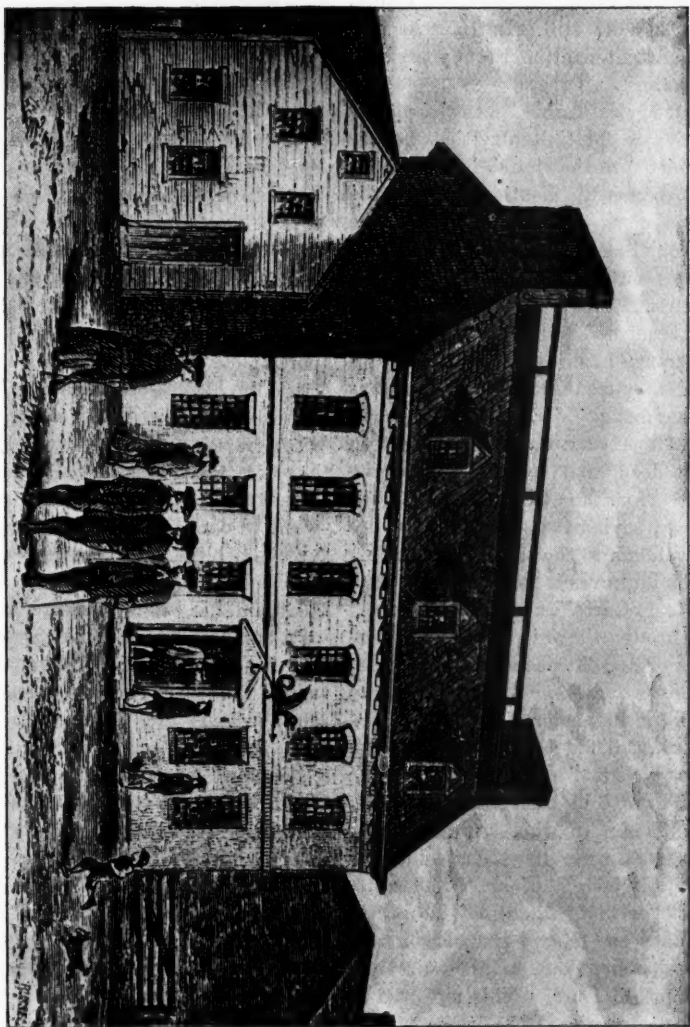
It was about this time (1661) that Mr. Johnson's business enterprise seems to have taken a downward turn, as we learn that he was threatened with forfeiture of his land, if the rent of the marsh at Fort Hill was not punctually paid March 1st of each year. At last he was compelled, either by old age or financial losses, to give up

his trade in 1671, and form a partnership with Abell Porter, after which they secured a permit to sell coffee and chocolate. In this business he continued until his death, the year following, when the license was granted to his wife Abigail. He had several house lots in Boston, one of which has since become famous. This was the up-land and marsh in front of the Mill Cove, which he sold in 1662 to Thomas Hawkins, baker and innholder. In 1671-72, this lot with the one adjoining, by assignment and for claim of mortgage, came into possession of Sampson Sheaffe, and from him the estate passed to Lieutenant Governor Stoughton of Dorchester. The lot was assigned to Soughton's niece, Mehitabel, wife of Captain Thomas Cooper, and when the Captain died in 1705 this lot was valued at £650. His widow afterwards married Peter Sargent, and again in 1714, Simeon Stoddard; and as Mrs Stoddard, she died in 1738, and her son by her first husband, Rev. William Cooper of the Brattle Square Church, sold the lot in 1743 to Dr. William Douglas, a physician and author, who had come from Scotland in 1716, and wrote *A Summary of New England History*. When Douglas died in 1754, mention was made of his mansion-house in Green Dragon Lane, which was a passageway in the direction of the present Union Street, and upon which his house abutted. Three years later Catherine Carr, the sister of Douglas, conveyed it to the St. Andrew's Lodge of Freemasons, and it afterward became celebrated as the Green Dragon Tavern. Shurtleff states that it was in the yard in the rear which bor-

dered upon the mill pond, that Franklin, as a boy, built the wharf which he describes in his autobiography. The "Green Dragon" acquired the widest reputation at the outbreak of the Revolutionary trouble, when it became the rallying place of the patriots.

Mr. Johnson also owned a lot on Tremont Street, which, together with those granted in 1638 to John Davis, George Burden, and Nathaniel Chappell, made the line of Mason Street. They were called "gardens on the back side of the lots in ye long street," and mark the site of the mansion and grounds of James Swan of a later day, and still later the famous Washington Gardens. Another lot belonging to Johnson was located below the Common near Cambridge Street, and near the reservation of six acres reserved by William Blackstone, the first white inhabitant of Boston; while still another site was owned at the corner of Court and Sudbury Streets. Just west of this a little later lived Captain John Alden, a master mariner, and son of John Alden of the "Mayflower." Alden Street now preserves his name. The lots in this vicinity constitute the "Bowling Green."

Mr. Johnson was a man of decided opinions, and never hesitated to express them where occasion required; this fact did not prevent his being held in the highest esteem by his townsmen. He was one of many who were disarmed for heresy. In military office he was always conspicuous, so much so that he rapidly rose in the ranks of the artillery company. In 1643 he was given the



GREEN DRAGON TAVERN, SITE ORIGINALLY OWNED BY "JAMES JOHNSON, GLOVER."

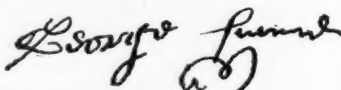
title of sargeant, and was appointed with a committee to look after the construction of the Fort or Castle, also at Fort Hill. In 1652 he was called lieutenant, and four years later captain.

Of Myles Tarne I can learn but little, except the entry that he was admitted to the church in 1639. He is frequently mentioned with the tanners as occupying pits at the Creek, but aside from this fact I know nothing regarding his whereabouts. Another tanner named Batt I am at a loss to locate, the only reference I can find being the following entry made July 30, 1655, "It is ordered that Edward Greenliff shall have liberty to set a house of eighteen foot deep, and twelve foot to the front from the end of Mr. Batt's tan house, paying two shillings six pence per annum to the school use, as long as he improves it for a dying house."

Henry Garrold, a tanner, is lost track of through the veil of time; a mention of him is made on January 21, 1638, as follows, "Also it appeared by a writing under the hand of James Hawkins dated the 5 day of the 9th month November (1638), that for the sum of £15 he hath sold one dwelling house in this town, wherein George Ruggle lived and which he formerly bought of Mr. Brenton, together with a garden plot joining to it, unto one Henry Garrold of this town, tanner, and to his heirs and assigns forever." This site was in the neighborhood of William Copp, but how close a proximity I do not know. Mr. Garrold must have left town shortly after, as he is not mentioned as filling any of the public offices required of each freeman, or in

any of the transactions with the tanners.

Near Mr. Copp dwelt George Hunne, another tanner, who was one



of the first to emigrate to this country, being admitted to the Church May 22, 1636. His house and garden were located within the "leather belt" of Boston, on Elm Street, near the corner of Hanover; from whose porch, looking in any direction, he could see his craftsmen as they went to and from their vats or sat at work on the bench. His nearest neighbor, however, was Shoemaker George Burden, whose house adjoined him on the west. Poor Hunne did not long survive the bleak and changeable New England climate. He died in June, 1640, and his widow soon after moved to a half-acre lot on Court Street, at the head of Hanover Street, which marks the site of the elegant mansion and grounds of Theodore Lyman, who purchased it in 1785.

Hanover Street, which has been twice widened, until now it forms one of the finest thoroughfares in the city, was in colonial days little more than a narrow lane. It is described in provincial times, in the list of 1708, as "the street from between Howchins corner and ye sign of ye Orange tree, leading northerly to ye mill-bridge."

Jeremy Howchine, or Houchins, in whose honor the corner is named, had the southerly corner of Hanover and Court Streets, nearly opposite the Widow Hunne, and was one of the wealthiest tanners in New England.

George Houchins

The "Orange Tree" was an old hostelry on the opposite corner. The site was at one time occupied by Edmund Jackson, and early in the next century the first public coach known in Boston was stationed there. Traversing the narrow neck across which, as Johnson says, the mill creek "was cut through by industry," Hanover Street extended northward to the water, forming the highway to the Winnisimmet Ferry.

On each side of the main thoroughfare, called from its position Middle Street, Fore and Back Streets branched off to the right and left, like the fingers of a man's hand. All these streets bore, at different times, other names, frequently being called variously along different parts of their course. Thus Hanover was designated as Middle Street in one place and North in another. Back, now Salem Street was once known as Green Lane; while Fore Street, which, as its name signifies, was originally laid out along the water front, and was wharfed out as the town grew and need required, soon lost this early name, and in the list of 1708 we find it called as follows; Ann Street being "the way from the conduit in Union Street leading northerly over ye Bridge to Elliston's Corner at ye lower end of Cross Street;" Fish Street being "the street from Mountjoy's Corner at the lower end of Cross Street, leading Northerly to ye sign of the Swan by Scarlett's wharf;" and Ship Street being "the street Leading Northerly from Everton's

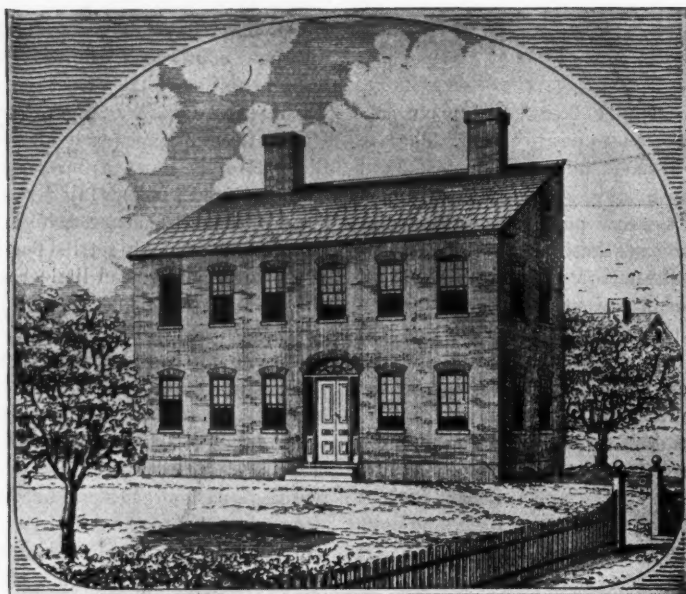
Corner nigh Scarlett's wharf to the North Battery"—altogether forming the one continuous highway now known to us as North Street.

These thoroughfares, together with Union, Cross, Prince (early known as Black Horse Lane, from the old "Black Horse Inn"), Hull Street (in honor of the mint-master, John Hull), were the most thickly settled portions of the town and we can little realize at this date as we look around upon the little circumscribed triangular enclosure now known as North Square, with its narrow entrance, how large a part it once played in colonial life.

But let us return to our friend Mr. Houchins, the tanner. He took the freeman's oath in 1640, and soon became interested in the Artillery Company, and it was not long before he received the title of Ensign. In politics, as in business, he was shrewd but honest, and rose from poverty to be one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the colony. He served with the board of selectmen from 1649 to 1655, and in after life was chosen a town commissioner, although his first public offices, if such they may be termed, were in 1647 as constable, and in 1649 as Clerk of the Market.

In 1657 he was elected a member of the committee to report upon a "model" of the Town House, as well as its cost and location. From that date he was associated with the most able men of the colony, and appointed a member of all the committees of importance.

Ensign Houchins was probably a staunch friend of the widow of George Hunne, as she took up her residence adjoining his own, first on Elm Street and later on Court Street. Close by



RESIDENCE OF GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

his estate was the residence of John Leverett the younger, who married his daughter Elizabeth, so that father and daughter, although not living under one roof, were on the same land. It was on Leverett's lot, who, by the way, died without issue and in his will mentions his house as "Joining to George Bates on the west," that the present American House stands and two hundred years later was the favorite hostelry of the shoe and leather men all over the country. Previously Joseph Warren took up his abode in a building on this site and began the practice of medicine.

The Rev. James Allen of the First Church married Leverett's widow, and he built the famous stone house the site of which is now occupied by the Congregational House. Allen devised in 1710 his mansion house to his son Jeremiah, who dying in 1741, it came to his son, Jeremiah, who died in 1756; the title then passed to his son James, who sold it to his brother Jeremiah, the high sheriff, who died in 1809. It will be noticed by the above statements that the family revered the memory of the old tanner and his tan-vats by giving his name to their children for several generations.

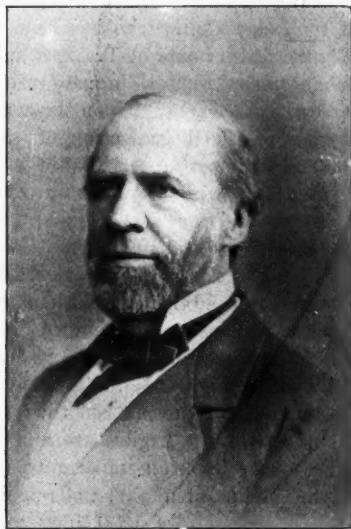
(To be continued.)

PROMINENT MEN IN THE SHOE AND LEATHER TRADE.

HON. WILLIAM W. CLAFLIN, son of Hon. Lee Claflin and Sarah (Adams) Claflin, was born in Milford, Mass., March 6, 1818, in an old-fashioned story-and-a-half house, situated about two miles north of the centre of the town. In brief outline the record of his early years is that of the typical New England bred boy. His childhood was passed among rural scenes where pure bracing air and plain nourishing food supplemented the affectionate parental influence of this country home. About a mile from his home was located the district school, where he received his first instructions, and where he remained for five or six years making such good progress in that time as to be admitted to the Milford Academy, where he was prepared for college, and in 1833 entered Brown University. During his freshman year he sustained a great loss in the death of his mother, a very estimable woman, who was anxious that her son should receive a liberal education, and who through his early school-days secured such books as would be helpful to him in the prosecution of his studies.

Being of slight frame and lacking the ruggedness of physique so necessary to withstand close application to study, his health failed and he left college to enter the boot, shoe and leather manufactory of his father, in Milford, Mass., where he remained for three years, when, on the advice of the family physician, he sought

by change of scene and travel to regain his health, in which he was successful. Mr. Claflin associated with him Messrs. Howe and Allen at St. Louis, in 1841, in the wholesale boot, shoe and leather business, which concern continued up to 1884. Leaving St. Louis as a place of residence he came East, and in 1847 established



HON. WILLIAM M. CLAFLIN.

himself in Hopkinton, Mass., where he lived until 1855, when he removed to his present lovely home in Newtonville, with its beautiful and extensive grounds, and its historic associations.

For more than a quarter of a century

Mr. Clafin was the senior partner of the Boston firm of William Clafin, Coburn & Co., doing a large and successful business. The members of this firm besides Mr. Clafin were, the late N. P. Coburn, of Newton, James A. Woolson, a relative, and the well-known banker, N. F. Gregory, now of the firm Gregory, Shaw & Co., and Oliver B. Root.

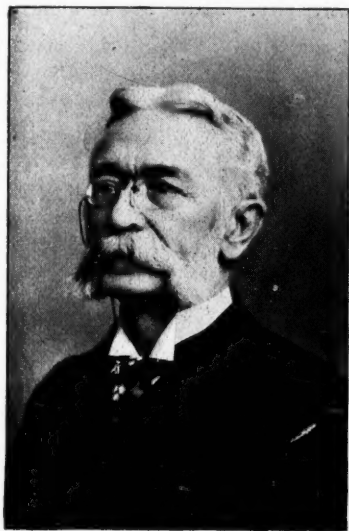
Mr. Clafin has always taken a great interest in educational matters, and has contributed liberally towards the maintenance of the public schools as well as of the higher institutions of learning. From the organization of Wellesley College he has been a member of its Board of Trustees, and has interested himself in many ways for its advancement. Upon the completion of the organization of the Boston University, Mr. Clafin was chosen a member of its Board of Trustees, and for several years he has been the president of the Board. While not seeking public office, Mr. Clafin has held many positions of trust and honor, and has shown himself to be possessed of administrative ability of a high order. In 1848 he was chosen to represent the town of Hopkinton in the Legislature, and as a Free-Soiler took an important part in the conduct of affairs, and was re-elected successfully 1849, 1850, and 1851; and during these years was appointed on many of the more important Committees of the House. He was elected to the State Senate in 1859, and in 1861 was chosen president of that body. In 1860 he was chosen a delegate to the Chicago Convention, assisting in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency of the United States. He was

again chosen a delegate to the National Convention in 1864, 1868, and 1872. In 1868 he was made chairman of the National Committee, and took an active part in the first campaign for the election of General Grant to the presidency. In 1866, '67, and '68 he was Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. In 1869 he was elected to the highest office in the gift of the people of the Commonwealth, and as Governor of the State his administration was marked by a dignified and sagacious discharge of the duties incident to this high office. In 1869 Governor Clafin received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University, having also some time previously received the same degree from Wesleyan University.

Governor Clafin early took advanced ground on the temperance question, and also was widely known as an Anti-Slavery man all through that period of agitation, when loyal adhesion to, and earnest work for the emancipation of the colored man was likely to make him unpopular. Nevertheless he was always true to his convictions, and saw the fruition of his hopes in the enactment of the Emancipation Act by Congress. In 1876 Governor Clafin was elected Representative to Congress, and re-elected in 1878, at the close of which public service he retired to private life universally respected.

Governor Clafin has for many years been connected with various financial institutions. He has been a director of the New England Trust Company; also director in the International Trust Company, the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank, and other financial institutions.

GEORGE ADELBERT ALDEN was born in Hope, Me., April 7, 1830. He is a son of Silas and Sarah (Lindley) Alden, and a descendant in the eighth generation of John Alden and Priscilla Malines of the *Mayflower*. Silas Alden, his father, removed with his family to Bangor, Me., when our subject was four years of age, where for many years he was engaged in the drug business, and where he died January 23, 1891.



GEORGE ADELBERT ALDEN.

His wife, who died July 14, 1882, in her seventy-eighth year, was a relative of John Lindley, the distinguished botanist.

George was educated in the public schools of Bangor, and after graduating from the high school of that city, for a short time assisted his father in the drug business. In November, 1848, he came to Boston and secured a position in the wholesale

and retail drug store of William B. Little & Co. He remained with this firm until 1851, when he went to Philadelphia, and remained there about two years. Returning to Boston his services were at once secured by the reorganized firm of George B. Little & Co. as manager, where he continued until August, 1855, when he severed his connection with this house, and began his commercial career. After two years he admitted to partnership Isaac P. T. Edmands, under the firm name of Alden & Edmands. They soon ranked among the largest handlers of India Rubber and Goat Skins in the country. In 1874 the firm was dissolved, Mr. Alden retaining the India Rubber interest. In 1878 his son Adelbert H., having become of age, was made a partner, under the present firm name of George A. Alden & Co.

Since Mr. Alden's son has been a member of the firm, the business has undergone many changes; new branches have been created, and their interests have been extended in various ways. In 1880 they took up the shellac business, and under the name of the New York Shellac Co. they now do nearly one half the business done in this commodity in the United States. In 1884, for the purpose of more extensively carrying on the importation of rubber, they organized "The New York Commercial Co., Ltd.," with a capital of \$600,000, of which Mr. Alden was president, and his son was secretary and general manager. December 1, 1892, this company was changed to "The New York Commercial Co.," and the capital increased to \$2,500,000; George A. Alden, president;

A. H. Alden, vice-president and general-manager. In 1887 the importation of cocoa was added to their various interests. About six years since they further extended their business interests, by inaugurating the exportation of grain, petroleum, lumber, staves, and rubber to Portugal, Spain, the Mediterranean ports generally, and various parts of Russia and Germany, employing from two to three steamers per month for this purpose.

During the Boston fire of 1872 the headquarters of the firm in this city, corner Milk and Bath Streets, were destroyed, incurring a loss of about \$100,000. After the fire quarters were established on Congress Street, where they remained until 1877, then removed to 200 Devonshire Street, occupying these premises until their present store, No. 87 Summer Street, was finished.

Mr. Alden was married in 1856 to Harriet J. Hadley of Charlestown. They have had two sons, Adelbert H., and George Edwin, the latter is president of one of their corporations.

Besides his connection with the various interests mentioned, Mr. Alden is president of the Seamless Rubber Co. of New Haven; a director of the National Revere Bank, Revere Rubber Co., Boston Rubber Co., and Boston Rubber Cement Co. He is an original member of the Merchants Club, and of the Boston Athletic Association; and is also a member of the Algonquin Club, Temple Club, Country Club, Pine Tree Club, Trade Club, Exchange Club, and a life member of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter, and De Molay Encampment Knights Templars.

For twenty-nine years Mr. Alden resided with his family in Cambridge. They now reside on the famous Baker estate in Wellesley, which comprises 800 acres of land.

FRANCIS W. BREED was born in Lynn in 1846. He was educated in the public schools of Lynn and at the age of fifteen graduated from the Latin High School. His business career commenced one year later, as teller in the First National Bank of his native city. At the age of eighteen



FRANCIS W. BREED.

he was employed as book-keeper by William Porter & Co., shoe manufacturers, but was soon on the road with a line of goods.

Together with P. A. Chase, he, three years later, entered business as a shoe manufacturer, and continued as such for eight years, when he bought out his partner. His immense factory in Lynn was swept away in the fire of 1889, but he immediately secured a vacant factory at Marblehead and was soon turning out shoes with almost

the same rapidity as before. He has at present three factories, at Lynn, Rochester, N. H., and Athol, Mass., respectively, their combined output being 8000 pairs of shoes daily. Mr. Breed is also extensively interested in the leather business, being President of the Breed Leather Company. He is President of the New England Shoe and Leather Association, a Director in the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and member of its Board of Credits, a Director in the Boston Merchants' Association, and in the Home Market Club. He is also Director in the Eliot National Bank of Boston, and the First National Bank of Lynn, also the Lynn Institution of Savings.

Mr. Breed has been an extensive traveller, having visited the principal towns and cities from Eastport to Alaska. His experience at Paris, and also at the Continental Exhibition at Philadelphia and the Brussels Exposition, well qualified him as Massachusetts Commissioner at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, to which position he was appointed by President Harrison. He served on the executive, electrical and legislative committees of the commission, and appeared before the committee of Congress at Washington to secure funds for the Fair, which were granted. In obtaining a site for the shoe and leather building he rendered great service, also in having the classification arranged to put all the shoe and leather exhibits in this building.

Mr. Breed, as a member of the Finance Committee of the Massachusetts Republican Club, bore an important part in the campaign of 1892, and has been repeatedly urged to allow

his name to be used in connection with the Republican nomination for Lieutenant-Governor.

He was married in 1873 to an Illinois lady, and has two sons and three daughters. Their elegant home on Ocean Street, Lynn, is one of the most attractive places on the north shore. He is a member of all the leading clubs, including the Algonquin, Massachusetts, Essex, Middlesex, Norfolk, Oxford, Park Athletic Union League of Chicago, and a score of others, and is a patron of the Lynn Y. M. C. A. and of the Central Congregational Church, of which he is an officer. In fact, Mr. Breed is a type of the successful American man of business whose success has been conducive to the public good.

GEORGE E. KEITH, son of Franklin Keith, was born in Brockton, Mass., February 8, 1850. During boyhood he attended the common schools of his native town, working mornings and evenings during the time in his father's shoe factory. Finishing his high school studies, he followed his trade until 1874, when he started in business for himself as a shoe manufacturer, which he has since followed, without a change.

The subject of our sketch is essentially a self-made man; he has gained nothing by luck, but everything by perseverance and well digested plans, and the intelligent application of his energies to the end in view. In social life he is gentlemanly and affable, and is one of Brockton's most enterprising and honored citizens.

In 1880 he erected his present large factory, and has since carried on the business as sole proprietor. This is

one of the largest boot and shoe manufacturing in the State, the value of the annual product being one million and a half dollars. It is a representative institution, and reflects great credit upon its enterprising proprietor, who in a brief period has gone from the bench to the ownership of this immense establishment. His success in business is shown by an increase in number of employes since 1874, when he began with twenty. He now employs more than six hundred, and is one of the largest manufacturers in Brockton.



GEORGE E. KEITH.

Mr. Keith was married in Whitman, October 23d, 1877, to Anna G., daughter of Hon. William L. Reed. Of this union are two children: Eldon B. and Harold C. Keith.

Mr. Keith is a Republican in politics, and was a member of the first board of aldermen; is director in the Third National Bank of Boston, and Brockton National Bank and Brockton Savings Bank; President of the

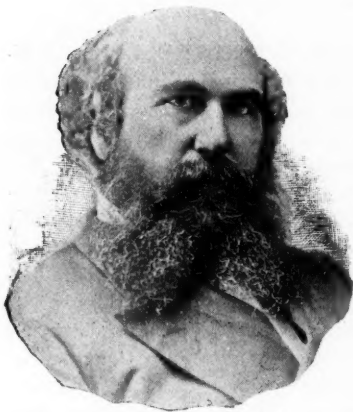
Eppler Welt Machine Company of Boston, and Treasurer of Howland Falls Pulp Company, Howland, Me., and President of the American Heeling Machine Company, Brockton, and holds his Church connections with the Congregational Church.

FRANK L. PENNEY is a native of Belgrave, Kennebec County, Maine, being born in that town September 4th, 1833. He was educated in the public schools of Belgrave, and in the year 1849 came to Boston and apprenticed himself to Emery Belcher, located on Washington Street, in the rear of Whitney's auction rooms. In 1855 Mr. Penney went into business for himself, at 26 Washington Street, where he remained four years, then removed to No. 8 Dock Square. After spending five years in St. Louis, Mo., he again occupied the same store, No. 8 Dock Square, until the year after the fire, 1872, when he removed to his present commodious rooms, No. 29 High Street, which he has occupied for twenty years.

In these days of business rush and hurry, every kind of labor-saving apparatus is in great demand, and the introduction of steel and rubber stamps, dies, stencils, and kindred specialties, has done much to simplify all branches of trade, saving time, money and unnecessary labor. Especially is this the case in the shoe trade, where stamps, inks, rolls and dies play an important part. Mr. Penney is the pioneer and leader in manufacturing these specialties in Boston, and is an expert designer and seal engraver and die sinker; he makes a specialty of steel stamps and stencils, brass stamps for gilding boot

tops, rubber stamps, and inks and rolls for embossing and pebbling wall paper and leather. Every modern convenience and facility is at hand for conducting a large business.

Many of the leading shoe and leather houses of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, Rhode Island, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, California and other states purchase their supplies of Mr. Penney.



FRANK L. PENNEY.

From four to eight hands are employed, according to demands of business.

Mr. Penney has been twice married. Four children were born by the first wife, all of whom are deceased. A daughter of three and one-half years and a son of eight months were born of his second wife.

Personally Mr. Penney is a gentleman of rare business qualifications, is a genial host, and is remarkably fond of fishing.

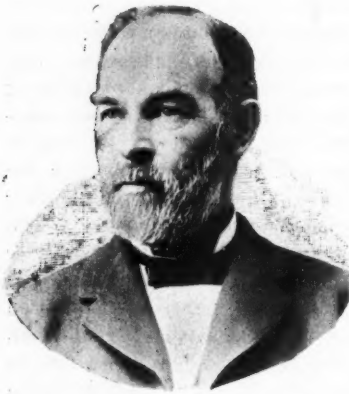
MARTIN L. KEITH, son of Ziba, was born at Campello, Mass., February 8, 1822.

In preparing reminiscences of his life he refers to the fact that at the age of eight years he commenced his business career "by pegging shoes for his father in the old red shop;" that at the age of thirteen he made his first case of shoes, taken from the factory of Hiram French of Randolph, Mass., much preferring, as he himself admits, "the labor of the shop to the duties of the school room."

He early exhibited a taste for music, learning the rudiments from Thomas Gurney, who kept a singing school in a chamber in the old homestead. Mr. Keith was for sixteen years a director of the choir in the village church, succeeding his brother Benjamin, and in the orchestra played the violin. He was a leader of the North Bridgewater Brass Band several years, in which organization he always manifested a deep interest.

Directly upon his marriage to Mary, daughter of Sylvanus Keith on November 16, 1843, he commenced house-keeping in the east part of the old homestead, there remaining until 1847, when he purchased of Luther Hayward the house on Main Street now occupied by Sylvanus Keith. In the fall of the same year he began the manufacture of shoes, and soon after associated with him George C. Littlefield. This partnership was brief. He continued the business alone until 1856, when his brother Franklin joined him under the firm name of Martin L. Keith & Co. At this time the large factory was built on the corner of Main and Plain

Streets (subsequently destroyed by fire 1874) He assumed the buying and selling of goods, leaving to his brother the running of the factory. Finding the daily travel to and from Boston irksome, in 1858 he removed his family to Boston. The business continued until 1861, when their trade was ruined and failure ensued. The remaining years of the war gave him opportunity to retrieve his losses which he did not fail to improve.



MARTIN L. KEITH.

In 1877 he retired, abandoning himself to an indulgence in the pastime of fishing, hunting, and travel, which had been held in check by the pressure and application to business. Referring thereto, he says, "About all my youthful aspirations have now been gratified. I have visited every state in the Union, excepting Texas and Oregon, and every territory save Washington and Alaska. I have killed buffalo, bear, wolf, beaver, white and black-tailed deer, badger,

otter, mink, brant, hawks, sage-hens, grouse, partridge, quail, wood-cock, etc.; and on my second trip to Restigouche River I took ten salmon averaging twenty-three pounds each, the largest weighing thirty-three pounds."

For several years he was superintendent of the Sabbath school in Campello; also one of a committee appointed to rebuild the church destroyed by fire in 1853.

His wife died December 27, 1886, and July 23, 1887, he married Mrs. Isabella Clark.

ORLANDO ETHELBERT LEWIS was born in Hardin County, Ohio, July 19, 1846. His parents, Richard Kennedy and Elizabeth (Jackson) Lewis, were natives of Ohio. His father, who died in 1848, was a farmer, and Orlando was educated until his fourteenth year in the ordinary country school. The War of the Rebellion changed the tenor of his life. Being large for his age, robust and strong, he enlisted in Company D, Fourth Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry, on June 4, 1861, more than a month before he had attained his fifteenth birthday, being the youngest member of the regiment. He participated with his regiment in all of its engagements from the battle of Rich Mountain until, disabled for service, he was discharged from Harewood Hospital on March 9, 1863, his regiment during this period forming a part of the Army of the Potomac, and being almost constantly engaged in the vigorous campaign in Western Virginia, and later in McClennan's Peninsular campaign. At Rich Mountain, Petersburg, Mechanicsburg Gap, Romney, Winchester, Cedar Creek,

Harrison's Landing, and **Fredericksburg**, our youthful soldier faced the stern realities of war.

After his discharge Mr. Lewis resumed his education. For a time he attended school at Canton, Ohio, later at Alleghany College at Meadville, Penn., and finally completed a course of three months at a commercial school in Cleveland, Ohio. At the age of twenty he began his business career as a commercial traveller for the boot and shoe house of King,



ORLANDO ETHELBERT LEWIS.

Crawford & Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, continuing as such for about a year, when he accepted a similar position with the shoe house of Mead & Townsend, of Broadway, New York. Two years later he bought out a retail boot and shoe store in Urbana, Ohio, and for several years did a successful retail business; in the meantime, however, embarking in the manufacture of boots and shoes for the wholesale trade.

Mr. Lewis was married in 1869 to

Miss Eliza M. Seymour, of **Hardin County, Ohio**. They have one child, named **Nellie**.

In 1882 he sold out his business in Urbana and located in Columbus, O., where he engaged in the manufacture of shoes. A year or two later, in connection with Prof. S. W. Robinson of the Ohio State University, he developed the Wire Grip Fastening Machine. In 1885 a company was organized, under laws of Illinois, at Chicago, for the manufacture of these machines, with C. M. Henderson as President, and Mr. Lewis as General Manager. At this time Mr. Lewis gave up shoe manufacturing and moved to Boston, where he has since remained, devoting his time and energies to the sale and development of shoe machinery. Through the modifications and improvements of their original patent, it has developed into what is known as the "Wire Grip Slugger," of which there are now over fifteen hundred in use in the United States and Europe. In the meantime Mr. Lewis and Prof. Robinson developed the Automatic Clinch Machine, which has proven a great success as a sole fastener.

The manufacture and sale of these two valuable patents have not, however, completely engrossed Mr. Lewis' time and attention. He is President of the Shoe Lasting Machine Company of New York, which owns and controls in all foreign countries the Chase Lasting Machine. He is also interested in several other machines well known and generally used in the shoe industry, and President of the Winthrop Steamboat Company, running between Boston and Winthrop. He is a man of great inven-

tive ingenuity, of excellent business qualifications, and both from a personal standpoint as well as in results beneficent to the interests with which he is so largely identified, he has been highly successful. He is a member of the Park Street Church, the Art Club, Congregational Club, and Apollo Club of Boston, and the John A. Andrew Post 15, G. A. R.

Mr. Lewis resides at Winthrop, where he is chairman of the Board of Selectmen, a position filled by him for three years. He is a Republican in politics, but has been too closely devoted to his business connections to take part in political life.

LESTER C. KEITH was born on Belmont Street, in the town of North Bridgewater, September 27th, 1866, and received his preliminary education in the common schools of that city. He then took a course of instruction at East Greenwich Seminary, in Rhode Island, from which noted academic school he graduated.

His father, Edwin Keith (an extensive shoe manufacturer), was born in North Bridgewater, August 21st, 1840. His mother, Ellen R. (Howard) Keith, was also born in North Bridgewater in 1843.

The subject of our sketch married Miss Rebecca M. Baker, of West Dennis, Mass., and they have one daughter, Florence May. His business career began in 1884 as superintendent for his father and continued until November 1893, when he became a general partner in the business under the firm name of E. & L. C. Keith. This firm is one of the largest and best known in New England and employs about two hundred hands.

Lester C. is a genial gentleman of superior business qualifications, and assumes to a great extent the management and interest of the company. He has led a modest life, strictly attending to his business duties (shoe manufacturing and an extensive real estate interest). He possesses the complete confidence and high esteem of his own trade, his townsmen, and of business men in general. He is a



LESTER C. KEITH.

staunch Republican, but never finds time to become associated in any of the important movements of the party.

LOWELL MASON REYNOLDS was born on Pleasant Street, Brockton, Mass., February 4, 1849.

Since 1632, when Robert Reynolds made and sold shoes in Boston, the name of Reynolds has been connected with the manufacture and sale of shoes. Lowell is a direct descendant of Robert, and made his first pair of shoes when but seven years old, and has been in the same business ever

since. The past nine generations of the Reynolds family have been shoemakers. In 1740 two of Robert's grandsons, Nathaniel and Thomas, came to the North Parish of Bridgewater (now Brockton) and worked at shoemaking. They *tanned* their own leather, and went from house to house measuring the feet of their customers. Lowell now uses as a trade mark, stamped on the bottom of his manufactured shoes, thus: 1632 "Reynolds" To (date). The present concern was started May 1st, 1881, with his brother, Bion F., as partner, and continued until August 1st, 1890,



LOWELL MASON REYNOLDS.

when the subject of our sketch became sole proprietor of the business, which is now one of the largest in the city.

Mr. Reynolds attends to the manufacture of the goods, does all the buying, and sells most of the goods he manufactures. He is a son of Charles T. Reynolds, with whom he worked making custom shoes and manufac-

turing, until he was twenty years old. In 1869 he worked for P. S. Leach, at that time the largest shoe manufacturer in town, remaining with him four years, when he took charge of the factory operated by B. F. Campbell & Co. of Boston, and retained his position as manager of the factory for eight years. He bought them out February 2d, 1881, and started the present concern May 1st, 1881, and now employs from one hundred and fifty to two hundred hands.

JEREMIAH MEARS WATSON was born in Princeton, Mass., February 10, 1835. His father, William Whitaker Watson, a well known tanner, currier, and farmer, was also born in Princeton, in 1806, as was his mother, Mary A. Mears.

Jeremiah received his education in Princeton. At the age of sixteen he apprenticed himself, and learned the boot and shoe business, devoting to it four years, and two years to learning the butchering business.

His present business career of manufacturing boot and shoe shanks commenced in 1869, under the firm name of J. M. Watson & Co. (Mr. H. A. Lothrop being the partner), with office at 62 Pearl Street. They had factories first at Mansfield, Mass., next in Marlow, N. H., then in Keene, N. H., later in Brooks, Me., when a greater supply of water being necessary they were obliged to permanently locate in Waterville, Me., but this building was recently destroyed by fire, and they immediately built a larger one at North Anson, Me.

The office at 62 Pearl Street was still retained until the big fire of 1872, when they removed first to

Broad Street, and later to the corner of Federal and High Streets; afterwards to 42 Lincoln Street, but in a short time leased the entire building at 108 Beach Street where they are now located. The succession in Mr. Watson's firm name is as follows, viz., he bought out H. A. Lothrop, and formed a new co-partnership with W. N. Sprague and Mr. W. W. Potter; later Mr. Sprague sold out his interest, and the firm was then as now Potter & Watson.



JEREMIAH MEARS WATSON.

This firm uses over nine hundred cords of white birch a year in the manufacture of wooden shanks, while more than two tons of leather board are each day made up in leather board shanks, which gives employment to one hundred people. Almost every machine employed in the shank business was invented by Mr. Watson, and since he began business he has made four different sets of machines, each a vast improvement over the other.

Mr. Watson credits Mr. Daniel S. Howard of Brockton, with being the first to use shanks invented by him, and to his encouragement and kindness the success of the subject of our sketch is due.

He married Miss Margaret Antoinette Parker of Holden, Mass., who died in 1894.

EDWIN KEITH was born August 21st, 1840, in North Bridgewater (now Campello), Mass., at the corner of Main and Plain Streets, and was educated in the common schools of North Bridgewater, but finished at Hunt's Academy in the same town. Mr. Keith's father was a sturdy old farmer, well and favorably known to all in the state as Captain Ziba Keith, born also in Bridgewater (since North Bridgewater, now Brockton) in 1789. His mother, Polly (Noyes) Keith, was born in Abington, Mass., in 1798.

Three sons were born of this marriage, viz., Ziba C., Daniel M., and Edwin.

From 1859 to 1870 Edwin was engaged as foreman in the fitting room of the factory of Martin L. Keith & Co. In 1874 a co-partnership was formed under the firm name of Keith Bros., which continued until 1881, when the subject of our sketch became successor to the business, and proprietor and manager of an extensive shoe manufacturing interest, in which he has favorably been identified, the superintendent of this factory being his son, Mr. Lester C. Keith, who was admitted to partnership in November, 1893, under the firm name of E. & L. C. Keith, at 1134 South Montello Street, Campello.

Mr. Keith married Miss Ellen R.

Howard of North Bridgewater, and has had a family of four children, three of whom are deceased, the remaining son, Mr. Lester C., being a partner with his father, in part man-



EDWIN KEITH.

ages the business, thus saving the application which duty requires of so burdened a responsibility. Yet Mr. Edwin Keith's advice is always welcomed, and in matters of importance his counsel is always sought. A force of two hundred hands is employed in this factory.

It may be mentioned in conclusion that Mr. Keith is a staunch Republican, but has never taken any important part in the movements of the party. He has several times been invited to accept positions of public and private trust, but has always declined, preferring to attend strictly to his very extensive real estate and shoe manufacturing interests.

ISAAH ADDITON BEALS was born at Turner, Maine, May 18, 1842, and is the son of Benjamin and Caro-

line (Leonard) Beals. His father, a prosperous farmer, was born at Leeds, Maine, in 1800. His mother was also a native of the same town, being four years younger than her husband. Of this union there were thirteen children.

Isaiah received his education in the public schools of Maine, Massachusetts, and New York, and finally graduated at Turner, Maine.

His experience in the shoe business dates from his twenty-third year, at which time he entered the employ of I. S. Howard of Brockton, with whom he became associated as partner twelve years later. He continued with this firm seven years, when he commenced business for himself at Brockton, under the firm name of I. A. Beals & Co.

In this enterprise he was highly



ISAAH ADDITON BEALS.

successful for five years, when the immense factory was destroyed by fire. Nothing daunted, Mr. Beals erected a new building the following year, and soon a stock company was

formed; and for three years carried on a large business. At the expiration of this period the subject of our sketch retired, but the establishment was removed to Holliston, and conducted under the firm name of the Holliston Boot and Shoe Company.

Mr. Beals married Miss Vesta Perkins of Auburn, Maine, by whom he has had two children, both of whom are living.

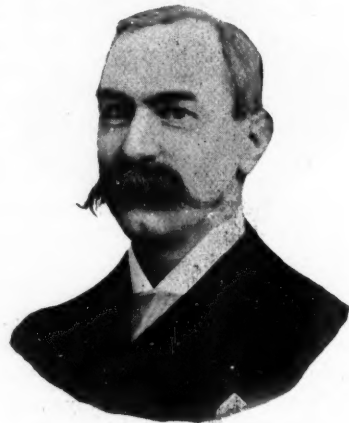
Personally this gentleman is energetic and enterprising, and is highly esteemed by his large circle of friends in the social as well as business world.

PRESTON BOND KEITH, son of Charles Perkins and Mary (Williams) Keith, was born in Campello, Plymouth County, October 18, 1847. He traces his ancestry in this country to the Rev. James Keith, who came from Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1662, and was the first ordained minister in Bridgewater.

Mr. Keith was educated in the public schools, finishing with the Brockton High School, and at the age of eighteen went to Boston and entered the employ of Martin L. Keith, shoe manufacturer in Brockton, with store and salesroom in the former city. Here he remained about five years, learning the shoe business. Returning to Brockton, in 1871, he commenced business for himself in Campello. The growth of the business compelled his removal to a better location with increased facilities, where he continued some three or four years, when he leased the property and erected his present large manufactory, which was opened in July, 1878.

A business man with large manufacturing interests to direct and care for, Mr. Keith has found but little time to devote to public business. However, he served with the board of Aldermen, in 1882, and was re-elected in 1883.

He is a director in the Home National Bank, which position he has held since its organization, and is president of the Campello Co-operative Bank. He is a Republican in



PRESTON BOND KEITH.

politics, and a member of the South Congregational Church.

Mr. Keith was married December 8, 1869, to Eldora Louise, daughter of Josiah W. and Margaret (Dunlap) Kingman. They have one daughter, Allie Louise, born April 2, 1877.

LUCIUS LEACH was born at North Bridgewater (Brockton), Mass., February 21, 1828. His father, Oliver Leach, was born in the same town in 1782 and was a prosperous farmer. He married a Miss Mercy Stetson, by

whom he had four sons and five daughters.

Lucius received a good public school education and in 1850 began that business career which has been pretty much all success. Although he has conducted his business without the assistance of a partner, yet he at different periods was associated with his brothers; first with Levi, under the firm name of L. & L. Leach, then with Marcus (M. & L. Leach), and later with Peleg (L & P. S. Leach). Still later in life he took as



LUCIUS LEACH.

partner his son (L. M. Leach), with whom he continued until 1882. He made a specialty of the manufacture of a medium grade of boots and shoes, in the making of which from three hundred to five hundred hands were employed, although he began with but fifteen to twenty-five. At present he is a member of the house of Mellen & Leach, dealers in real estate and insurance, with office at Rooms A and B, Bixby Building, 106 Main Street,

Brockton, and Campello office Rooms 4 and 5 Franklin Building, 1106 Main Street. Associated with him are Messrs. E. B. Mellen, S. Franklin Packard and Frank E. Packard.

Mr. Leach married Miss Celia S. Howland, of Pembroke, Mass., and has three children, Lucius, Melvin, Celia E., wife of Abram L. Strauss, and Robert H.

In all his business relations, both as manufacturer and as an extensive dealer in real estate, Mr. Leach has ever been regarded as a man of integrity and worth, while his interest, backed by activity and capital, has done much to advance the value of Brockton and Campello.

EDWARD M. FARNSWORTH was born in Orford, N. H., September 13th, 1829. His father was the Rev. James D. Farnsworth, pastor of the Congregational Church in Orford, and after performing his mission in various churches for twenty-five years, passed away at Bridgewater, Mass., in the year 1854.

The mother of Edward M. was Rebecca M. (Fogg), a native of Braintree, Mass., and a daughter of Dr. Daniel Fogg of that town.

The subject of our sketch was one of six children. Of the four sisters, two are living.

Mr. Farnsworth received his education at the famous Groton Academy, and at the age of sixteen came to Boston and entered business as a salesman in the shoe finding department of Sumner Brewer & Co. Later, he was connected with Boyce & Nichols, and afterward with Alexander Strong & Co. In 1862 we find him located at No. 63 Hanover Street, engaged in

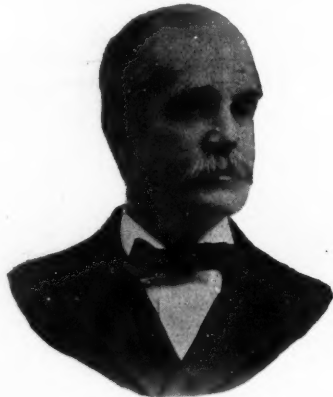
the shoe finding business for himself. In the year 1864 Mr. Nichols (a former employer) associated himself at the same store in Hanover Street, under the firm name of Nichols & Farnsworth. Later they moved to 98 Summer Street, where in 1890, by the death of Mr. Nichols, Mr. Farnsworth was again burdened with all the responsibilities of a large business.

In 1891 Mr. Charles C. Hoyt (a son-in-law) and Mr. R. P. Gay (who had been connected with Mr. Farnsworth for fifteen years) were admitted to partnership, and to-day, at the corner of Lincoln and Essex Streets, Boston, the firm of Farnsworth, Hoyt & Co. conduct a large business, employing from twenty-five to thirty hands. They have branch houses in Brockton and Chicago.

Referring to the house of Boyce & Nichols (spoken of above), we are informed that this was the first to engage exclusively in the shoe finding business, but shortly after and during the past forty years, the following well-known firms have also made this special business not only a perfect success, but such a valuable adjunct to the shoe industry that it is absolutely indispensable. The firms alluded to are Brown, Dix & Co., Faxon, Elms & Co., William A. Brown, Jr., & Co., E. K. Butler, Howe Brothers & Co., Rousmaniere, Williams & Co., Deane, Chase & Co., C. A. Vinal & Co., Arthur W. Pope & Co., Luke & Edwards (formerly Fred K. Piper), Wilson & Allen, C. H. Dunham & Co., Zenas Sears & Co., and many others, but among all the concerns mentioned, Farnsworth, Hoyt & Co. are among the recognized leaders in that line.

When Mr. Farnsworth first started

in the shoe finding business, his sales were confined to customers in Lynn; to-day they are in every town in the United States where boots and shoes are manufactured. The trade is constantly changing, new firms are being formed, either directly or indirectly, as probably fifty per cent. or at least one-half of the customers during the past forty years have passed away, and Mr. Farnsworth has not only outlived the most of his customers, but has also survived many who were once engaged in his special line. It



EDWARD M. FARNSWORTH.

is safe to say that every manufacturer of boots and shoes in Massachusetts, and nearly every other state, has been or is a customer of this firm.

Mr. Farnsworth was married in 1855 to Miss Charlotte F., daughter of Vincent Pinkham, Esq., of North Chelsea. They have five children—four sons and one daughter.

Mr. Farnsworth's qualifications for conducting this business combine ripe experience and sound judgment.

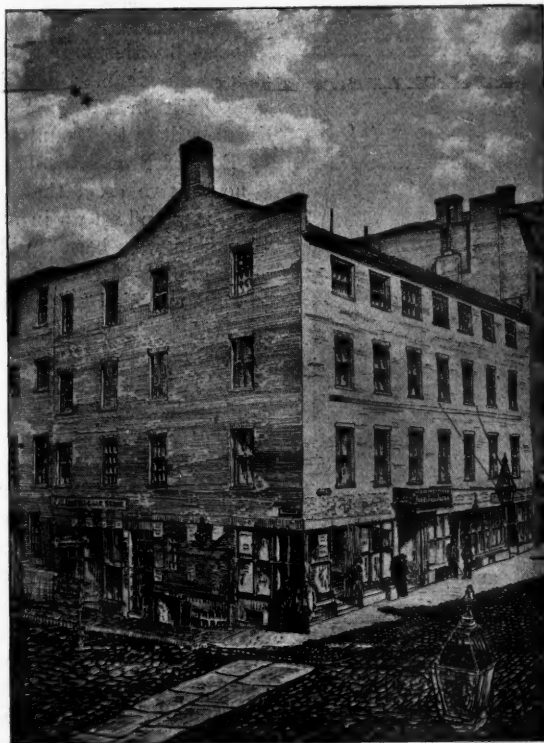
EARLY INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN BOSTON.

THE Puritanical prejudice against all forms of instrumental music was very severe, and the personal effects brought to this country contained no musical instruments among them. The only form of music was Ainsworth's version of the Psalms, and these were used till 1640, when the Bay State Psalm Book was introduced, which met with violent opposition. This work was compiled by an association of New England min-

isters, and was so great an innovation that it aroused the people to such an extent that a reconciliation was only brought about through the efforts of the Rev. John Cotton.

In 1673 the Commissioners of Plantations reported that there were no "musicians by trade in the colony," consequently foreigners were the only class who could read music.

The Puritans in England destroyed organs and music-books, and they



CONCERT HALL, CORNER HANOVER AND COURT STREETS

drove musicians out of the organ loft, as they looked upon music as a frivolous product, fashioned by the evil design of Antichrist.

The origin of all things connected with Boston's history began with the church and its government, and as music belongs largely to the church, we shall have to base its progress on this source.

The singing in those early days was tortured and twisted into a disorderly noise, melody sung in time



OLD BRATTLE ORGAN.

or tune being considered offensive. They drawled out their notes in such manner as to pause twice on one word to take breath.

This method aroused the Rev. Thomas Walter of Roxbury, Mass., who published a new singing book in 1721, entitled "The Grounds of Music Explained, or An Introduction to the Art of Singing by Note. Fitted to the Meanest Capacity. By

Thomas Walter, A. M. Recommended by several Ministers. Let Every Thing That has Truth Praise the Lord. Boston: Printed by Benjamin Meeon at the New Printing Office near the Town Hall; for Thomas Johnstone in Brattle St."

This was the first music printed with bars in America. When the art of singing by note was introduced in the church, it caused much hostility; the fact that the congregation could together finish a tune was a startling revelation. Brattle Street Church was the first to adopt the new order of things, and its members organized the first singing society in 1717. About 1713 Mr. Thomas Brattle presented to King's Chapel an organ, supposed to have been built in England. The first organ built in this country was made by Edward Bromfield, Jr., but there is no positive proof that it was ever completed and set up in any church. Bromfield was born in Boston in 1724, graduated at Harvard College in 1742, and died in Boston, August 12, 1755.

The Society of King's Chapel imported from London a new organ in 1756, which instrument was said to have been selected by Handel. The old organ presented by Mr. Brattle was then sold to St. Paul's Church at Newburyport, Mass. It remained there for eighty years, and in 1836 was sold to St. John's Church at Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. Dipper was organist of King's (or the Stone Chapel) in 1761, and on February 3 of that year gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music in Faneuil Hall, many of the pieces being accompanied "by two French Horns."

Mr. Jos. Flagg was the first to

establish a band, in 1773, and gave several concerts in Faneuil Hall, at one of which there were said to be fifty performers. No doubt the greater part of this number were singers, as instrumental players were few. Mr. Flagg published a book entitled "A Collection of the Best Psalms and Tunes, in Two, Three and Four parts: from the Most Approved Authors: fitted to all Measures, and Approved by the Best Masters in Boston, New England. The greater part of them Never before Printed in America. Engraved by Paul Revere, and sold by him and Jos. Flagg."

On October 7, 1764, was born that unique character, William Billings, and from his genius and enthusiasm music in Boston received a new impetus. He was a tanner by profession, and nature had not endowed him with a very pleasing personal appearance. He was deformed, blind of one eye, had one leg shorter than the other, and one arm was withered. Notwithstanding all these outward blemishes, music had claimed him for her own. Self-taught, his genius could not be curbed. Musical ideas would at times come to him so fast that he could not wait for pen and paper, but would write them down on pieces of leather, while at work in his shop. He opened a music store on Eliot Street, and like many other eccentric people, was once in a while annoyed by the tricks of boys. His sign projected from his door over the sidewalk. "Billings's Music," was printed in large letters on each side. One evening two cats with their hind legs tied were thrown across the sign, and when their faces

came together, they set up such a howling that poor Billings was driven nearly crazy. Out he rushed, and between the yowls of the cats and his imprecations on his tormentors a big crowd collected, who of course enjoyed the scene. No doubt it served as a good advertisement, as the people had an opportunity of studying the sign. He published his first collection of Psalm Tunes in 1770, and was the first to introduce the bass-viol or violoncello in church, also the use of the "pitch pipe."

Singing schools were established by him, and after the pupils were seated they took the pitch from the leader. At such times Billings would stand before them, and in his deep bass voice (for he was a good singer) bid them say the words:

"We've met for a concert of modern invention,
To tickle the ear is our present intention.
The audience seated,
Expect to be treated
With a piece of the best;
And since we all agree
To set the Key on E,
The Authors darling Key
He prefers to rest."

Often his concerts were made ludicrous by the singers literally carrying out the words of the hymn. For instance, if they sang a piece entitled "Clap your Hands with Joy," they brought their hands violently together. He introduced the 'cello in church to accompany the singers, and it created great consternation, being considered unfit to have in the sanctuary. His concerts did not always prove a financial success, and as he devoted most of his time to them, to the sacrifice of his tanning

interests, he died (Sept. 26, 1800) a poor man.

There is told a story of a foreigner, a good singer and player of the 'cello, who secretly got his instrument in the church, and concealed it among some cushions, but in such a position as would not prevent him using it. The singing was greatly improved by his playing, but some boys discovered the secret, told the elders, who held a meeting, and decided to wait upon the player, and forbid his again bringing such an ungodly instrument into the church. The gentleman explained that when abroad he made the instrument especially on which to play psalm tunes, and called it "The Godly Viol." He declared he never used it for any other purpose, and as it was admitted to improve the singing, he thought it would be of no harm. The committee were satisfied with his plea, and ever after he was allowed to use his "Godly Viol."

The pitch pipe was a curious contrivance; it consisted of a box about six or eight inches long, four inches wide, about one inch thick, and had at one end a mouth piece. On the inside a movable slide was constructed, having the letters of the octave on one edge, so that by sliding the mouth piece the sound of the required letter was produced. This sound had to be cautiously made, and the pitch to the other parts carefully found, so as to prevent detection, and consequent reproof for sounding an instrument in church.

It is related that one Sunday afternoon in August, the windows of a certain church were open during service. A bull, grazing in a field near by, entered the church-yard, and find-

ing the grass to his liking, would repeatedly bellow his satisfaction. The sound reaching the ears of the parson, he stopped in his sermon, and looked towards the choir gallery, where was stationed the bass-player; after this warning glance he resumed his discourse. Again the bull bellowed,—this time the parson paused and scowled at the bass player. A third time the bull gave forth his note of approval, when the indignant parson stopped in his discourse, and looking at the musician said, "I wish Mr. B—— would stop tuning his instrument in church." The dumbfounded player stammered out, "It's not me, Mr. Parson, its that b-blamed bull out in the yard."

After the "pitch pipe," came the tuning fork. This was made of steel with a handle, and two parallel branches at one end, which when struck against a hard substance gave the sound of the letter G, A, or C. After the fork a small brass tube, with a reed, which sounded one note, was used.

Later the flute was introduced, but was a very ordinary instrument, and had but one key, being managed like a fife.

The flute was succeeded by the hautboy. The fingering of this instrument was much the same as a flute, but it was liable to produce a squeaking noise, if not well played (the same holds good to-day), therefore it was not received with much favor.

Following the hautboy came the clarinet, which instrument astonished every beholder, not so much on account of its sound, as for its machinery; a performer of it was a won-

der(?), and the children would crowd around the player to see the keys move.

When the bassoon was added to the number of musical contrivances, it was considered the climax, and was indorsed for many years.

The introduction of the violin was looked upon as dreadful; other instruments could be tolerated, but Satan had surely got in the church concealed in a violin box. (An idea, by the way, held by many at the present time.)

All of these instruments had to be tuned before the singing, and while the minister was reading the psalm or hymn, the bass would saw away with such vigor, that the strings vibrated against the finger board, and must have made it very disagreeable for the congregation, but not more so than when the players and singers strove for the mastery. Each wished to hear his own instrument, and in their effort to accomplish this result, the notes on the staff were not taken into consideration.

The singers and players were assigned to a corner of the main floor, but were eager to occupy the gallery. This move met with opposition on the part of many of the elders, who would not give up their front seats. The musicians were determined the latter should vacate, and when an elder was discovered in the disputed territory, the bass player, when wielding the bow of his instrument, occasionally came in contact with such force on the old man's head that eventually he was glad enough to retreat.

Rum or black strap was the favorite beverage in those days and some-

times the singing master would imbibe rather freely of this beverage. Often times, when partly intoxicated, he arrived at the place of meeting after all his pupils had been seated, and with much difficulty and mumbling removed the covering from his bass viol. He then began sawing away on one string and muttering in a thick voice his instructions. "This's 'A.' Keep sound'g on 't'". Over his head would go on one side, for an instant he would pull himself together, look up and scowl, and murmur, "Keep sound'g on 't,'""; this he would continue to repeat until his condition became such as to require the assistance of some of his pupils to take him home.

Most of the concerts and entertainments were given in Concert Hall, situated on Queen Street, at the head of Hanover, and built by Stephen De Blois, a musician, but there seems to be some doubt as to the exact date of its erection. It was used for concerts, January 2, 1765, and was considered the most elegant hall in town. Its architecture was of Corinthian (?) order, and beautiful mirrors adorned its interior. Later it was used as a tavern. On November 10, 1765, the town being under control of the British army, the Commissioners of Customs took up their residence there and placed a sentinel at the door. It soon after passed into the hands of Mr. Amory, who added many improvements.

On June 19, 1769, a concert, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, was given for the benefit of Mr. Flagg.

The first symphony concert was given here May 18, 1775, with the

assistance of the band of the 64th Regiment, H. M. S., and concerts for charitable purposes were frequently performed. One announced September 8, 1790, was for the benefit of Oliver Barron, one of the unhappy men cast away on Grand Manan, New Brunswick, by which accident he had the misfortune to freeze his feet so badly as to render amputation necessary.

The most ambitious programme was rendered at a concert November 27, 1792, for the benefit of M. Pick. It was as follows:—

A GRAND SYMPHONY.—Composed by Hayden
SONG.— By a Lady
A SONATA, on the Pianoforte.—By a young Lady
A FLUTE CONCERTO.—By a Gentleman Amateur
A SONG.— By Mons. Pick
A GRAND SYMPHONY.—Composed by Pleyel
THE SONG OF BELLISARIUS.—By Mr. Powell
A GRAND OVERTURE.
A GRAND SYMPHONY.— By Fils
SONG.— By a Lady
A HAUTOY CONCERTO.— By Mr. Stone
A QUINTETTE.— Composed by Pleyel
and performed by the gentlemen Amateurs of
Boston.
A SONG — By Mons. Pick
with a flute accompaniment by a Gentleman.
Several pieces on the harmonicon.—By Mons. Pick
A GRAND OVERTURE.

The subscription to be one dollar. Each subscriber to be entitled to one Lady's ticket.

The Concert will commence precisely at six o'clock.

The subscription paper at Concert Hall.

Regarding the beneficiary, the following advertisement appeared in the *Massachusetts Centinel*, July 18, 1792:

M. PICK, MUSICIAN,
(Lately arrived in Town)

Has the honor to acquaint the Publick that he gives lessons of Vocal Music; and for the Violin; the Alto; the Pianoforte; the Guitar; the French Horn.

To be spoke with at Mrs. Gray's, State St.

A Mr. Powers advertised on January 14, 1789, "that he would stand on his head on a chair with his heels up

and dance a hornpipe, and also dance a hornpipe with his feet on his head."

Concerts were frequently given in the Stone (Kings) Chapel by William Selby, the organist, assisted by the musical society of which he also was the guiding hand. He directed one Jan. 10, 1786, for the benefit of the prisoners confined in the jail for debt. The programme consisted of "Handel's Overture to the occasional Oratorio" performed on the organ and by the full band. The Recitative from Ave Messiah "Comfort Ye My People," which was accompanied by the first and second violins, the tenor and bass instruments. A setting of the Doxology, by Mr. Wm. Selby, was performed on the organ, accompanied by all the instruments. The Voluntary was the fourth Concerto of Amizon Musica de Capella op. 7. "The Trumpet Shall Sound" was sung, accompanied by the trumpet. The performance was ended by an overture by Bach, played by the band.

The papers in speaking of the concert said "the instrumental parts were excellent, and the vocal super-excellent. Much taste and judgment was exhibited in the selection of the pieces. The ladies, who were very numerous, did not display those mountains of feathers, diamonds and flowers which the ton of the times is, to the great detriment of our country. It was worthy of remark that no error appeared—every person was perfect. The Hallelujah Chorus gave surprise and astonishment, especially at those parts where the drums so unexpectedly thundered in. In the overture by Ditter the horns produced an excellent effect. If it be not presuming, we could wish that

there should be no tuning of instruments heard. There was netted \$162.00."

A concert was given in the Stone Chapel Dec. 1, 1789, for the purpose of raising funds to finish the colonnade, or portico, of the church. The "Oratorio of Jonah" was rendered. The chorus consisted of members of the Independent Musical Society, while the instrumental parts were performed by a society of gentlemen assisted by the band of "His Most Christian Majesty's Fleet." At this concert the President of the United States was present.

In January, 1786, Isaiah Thomas, the famous printer, advertised that he had just received from England music types from which church music could be printed much cheaper than such work is done on copper-plates.

Organists were scarce at this time, and it was evident that hand-organs were used in some churches, as Dr. Flag of 47 Newbury Street advertised in the *Massachusetts Centinel*, December 8, 1797, "that he would purchase in Europe organs calculated to play all tunes usually sung in places of worship, with interludes to each Psalm, without the assistance of an organist. The prices supposed to be from \$60 to \$300."

Robert Pope, clock-maker on Orange Street, also announced (May 6, 1786) "Barrel organs, any (moderate) number of keys, and stops. New Barrels made to second hand organs, on which he will put any number and kind of tunes that best suit his employer."

The musical ear of the public was as hard to please in those days as at

present, that is, if we may judge by the following card published in the *Massachusetts Centinel* February 20, 1794:

"The musicians that perform in the orchestra of the Boston Theatre assure the public that it is not more their duty, than it is their wish to oblige, in playing such tunes that are called for; but at the same time they, with them consider the peculiar poignancy of insult to men not accustomed to it. Thus situated, they entreat a generous people so far to compassionate their feelings as to prevent the thoughtless, or ill disposed, from throwing decayed apples, stones, etc., in the orchestra; that while they eat the bread of industry in a free country it may not be tainted with the poison of humiliation."

The spirit of Republicism was very strong, and public performances indicated the feelings of the people. November 2, 1795, it was announced that the band at the Theatre would play a new piece called the "Federal Overture," being a medley composed of national airs—"Marseilles Hymn," "Carmagnole," "Knox's March," "President's March," (or "Hail Columbia") "Richmond Hall," "Ga Ira," etc.

When the celebrated instrumental performer, Gottlieb Graupner, arrived in Boston in 1798, this form of music received a new impetus. There were very few players in the town, mostly amateurs, but he got most of them together and formed the first "Philharmonic Society." At first it was purely a social gathering, held on Saturday evenings in Pythian Hall in Pond Street (now Bedford Street). Mr. Graupner played the bass; Mr.

Thomas Granger, Mr. Asa Warren, Mr. Dixon, the English Consul, Mr. Alex. Eustaphieve, the Russian Consul, violins; Mr. Granger, Sr., clarinet; Mr. Simon, bassoon; Mr. Roussin, trumpet. Mr. Pollock for some time played the flute, and was succeeded by Mr. George Cushing, cashier of the Columbian Bank. They

also had tympani and 'cello players, and generally performed Haydn's Symphonies.

This was the beginning of early instrumental music on a progressive basis, which developed and eventually co-operated with the Handel and Haydn Society founded February 20, 1815.

GEO. BRAYLEY.



WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND.*

Paper read before the Bostoniana Club.

"IN forming historical judgments, a great deal depends upon our prospective," says Prof. John Fiske.

A belief in witchcraft, or the exercise of supernatural power by men and women have been prevalent for ages. Punishment of persons accused of it was first sanctioned by the church of Rome, a little more than 300 years ago. Certain tests were instituted, and thousands of innocent persons were burned alive, drowned, or hanged in Europe. Within three months, in 1515, 500 persons were burned in Geneva. In the diocese of Como, 1000 were burned in one year. In 1520, an incredible number from among all classes suffered death in France. And within fifty or sixty years, during the sixteenth century, more than 100,000 persons perished in the flames in Germany alone. Henry VIII. of England made the practice of witchcraft a capital offence; and 100 years later a "witch detective" traversed the country, and brought many to the stake. Enlightened men embraced the belief; and even Sir Matthew Hale, the most distinguished of England's judges, repeatedly tried and condemned persons accused of witchcraft.

The English laws against witchcraft were adopted in New England. In the abstract of the laws of New

England printed in 1655, appears these articles: — "III. Witchcraft, which is fellowship by covenant with a familiar spirit, to be punished with death. IV. Consultors with witches not to be tolerated, but either to be cut off by death, or banishment, or other suitable punishment."

Witnesses incompetent in ordinary cases were, on account of the gravity of the offence, admissible on a charge of witchcraft *against* but not *for* the accused. It is explained that witchcraft is more natural to women than to men, on account of of the inherent wickedness of their hearts. This authorization of belief in witchcraft was based partly on well-known tests of the Mosaic Law, especially Exodus XXII, 18, — "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

The character of the Puritans presents a strange problem to moral philosophy. Victims of intolerance, they were themselves equally intolerant, when clothed with power. Sir Richard Saltonstall, who did not remain long in America, severely rebuked the people of Massachusetts in a letter to the two Boston ministers, Wilson and Cotton: "It doth a little grieve my spirit" he said "to hear what sad things are reported daily of your tyranny and persecution in New England, as that you fine, whip, and imprison men for their consciences." In the view of the Puritans, the continent of America had been, until their coming, the special territory of the Devil. Here

* For this article, in its treatment, I am indebted to the writings of Messrs. Upham, Samuel Adams Drake, Charles Carleton Coffin, Barrett Wendell, and Lossing.

he had ruled for centuries, unmo-
lested by the opposing power of the
gospel; whoever doubted this had
only to look at the degradation of
his miserable subjects, the native
Indians, to be pretty well convinced.
The landing of the Puritans was a
direct invasion of his territories.
He fought it in all manner of ways,
material and spiritual. *All* was his
work, — physical hardship, disturb-
ances by malcontents, the Indian
wars: so, too, were certain pheno-
mena that every one at the present
day would recognize as natural.
More than once, Cotton Mather re-
marks as clearly diabolical, the fact
that the steeples of churches are
oftener struck by lightning than any
other structures.

Most historians of witchcraft fail,
sympathetically, to understand a fact
that is emphasized with honesty, —
the tremendous influence on human
beings of that profound realizing
sense of the mysteries that surround
us, to which those who do not share
it give the name superstition. "At
various points of history" says Prof.
Barrett Wendell, "epidemics of su-
perstition have appeared, sometimes
in madly tragic forms, sometimes in
grotesquely comic ones. I am
strongly inclined to believe that from
the earliest recorded times, a certain
pretty definite group of mysterious
phenomena have, under various
names, really shown itself through-
out human society, oracles, magic,
witchcraft, animal magnetism, — call
the phenomena what you will, —
seems to me a fact. Certain phases
of it are beginning to be understood
under the name of hypnotism. Other
phases *seem* to be little else than

fraud and falsehood, but they are
fraud and falsehood, if this be all
they are, of a specific kind, unchanged
for centuries. Some of them are
very like what are related in the
trials of the witches."

The colonists of New England were,
in 1643, over twenty thousand in
number, and fifty villages had been
planted by them. Every vessel cross-
ing the Atlantic, brought accounts of
the doings of witches in England, and
books and pamphlets found their way
into the settlers' homes all over New
England. Governors, judges, minis-
ters, and people alike read them,
firmly believing what such good men
as Chief Justice Hale and Richard
Baxter had written. When anything
strange happened that they could not
account for, it was attributed to
witches. If the butter would not
come in churning, the cream was be-
witched, and the way to get the witch
out, was to heat a horse-shoe red-hot
and drop it into the churn, which
would so scotch the witch that she
would leave. Ministers preached
about witches. From this general
fear and superstition, abstract and
impersonal, the concrete and the per-
sonal, now began to develop. About
the time that Matthew Hopkins, the
"witch-finder-general," appointed by
the State in old England, was tossing
women into ponds for trial by water
— and pricking them with pins, in
order to find the *insensible spot*, or
devil's mark — the people of Charles-
town, Massachusetts, in New England,
in 1648, accused Margaret Jones of
being a witch. The idea went abroad
that she had a "malignant touch";
that if she laid her hands upon per-
sons (in anger) they would become

blind, deaf, or in some way afflicted. She was put in prison and finally executed. John Winthrop, in his diary, says:—"The day and hour that she was executed, there was a very great tempest in *Connecticut* (!) which blew down trees and did much damage." Margaret's husband, Thomas, was made so uncomfortable after she was hanged that he took passage on a ship bound for Barbadoes. It was a *small* vessel, and there were eighty horses on the deck, which made it top-heavy. While at anchor in the harbor, the craft began to roll fearfully; the superstitious sailors said that Thomas Jones was the cause of it, and thrust him back on shore, where he was cast into prison as a witch. Goody Glover, an Irish-woman, was next executed in Boston, in 1688. In Springfield, Hugh Parsons and his wife, were thrown into prison on suspicion, but they were not put to death. Gen. Moulton, of Hampton, N. H., was accused of being a witch.

The case of Mistress Ann Hibbins is the second fatal one that the annals of witchcraft record. It is memorable as the first known instance of the *General Court* of the colony sitting in trial in a case of life and death. Ann Hibbins was the wife of a wealthy and influential merchant of Boston. She was first publicly expelled from the communion of her church, and then accused and thrown into prison. It is not known that her brother, Richard Billingham, then holding the second place in the colony, made any effort to save her. Her three sons were all absent. Taken before the *General Court*, she was found guilty of witchcraft, according to the tenor

of the bill of indictment. Governor Endicott pronounced the sentence of death. One year after, she was hanged on Boston Common,—according to tradition from a branch of the Great Elm. This was in 1656. Many other cases are mentioned in the other Colonies, Connecticut bearing her full share, before the climax of 1692 is reached in Salem.

It is told that, when Philadelphia was three years old, a Swedish woman was brought before Governor Penn, charged with witchcraft and riding through the air on a broomstick. Although the woman confessed her guilt, she was dismissed by the Quaker magistrate with the assurance that, as there was no law against it, she might ride a broomstick as often as she pleased! While this might be cited as an instance of superior tolerance, in reality it was not: for Massachusetts, with reason, was afraid of witchcraft; while Pennsylvania had no need to be. The reasons which urged accused persons to *confess* not only impossibilities, but impossibilities of the most revolting kinds, are not easy to discover. In some cases, no doubt, the object was to escape the misery of life as a reputed witch.

It is impossible to tell in detail the story of 1692. The troubles and accusations spread with the speed of any panic. By the time Sir William Phipps assumed the government, the whole region was in an agony of superstitious terror. At that moment, as the old judicial system had fallen with the charter, there were no regular courts. Within a few weeks Sir William, full of the gravity of the situation, and probably under

the direct advice of the Mathers, appointed a special court of Oyer and Terminer to try the witches. William Stoughton, the Deputy-Governor, was made Chief Justice; his six associates were men of the highest station and character in the province; among them was Samuel Sewall. On the 2d of June, 1692, this court condemned one Bridget Bishop; on the 10th she was executed for witchcraft. The warrant for her execution is the only document of its kind known to be in existence. Before proceeding further, the court consulted the ministers of Boston and the neighborhood. They "earnestly recommended that the proceedings should be rigorously carried on." Thus encouraged, the court proceeded.

How many wretched people were committed can never be quite known. Upham thinks several hundred. Nineteen were hanged, fourteen being women. One, Giles Corey, over eighty years of age, was, on the 19th of September, pressed to death between heavy stones for refusing to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" to his indictment. At least two died in jail. On the 22d of September came the last executions, when eight people were hanged, Martha Corey being one. By the end of September a revulsion of popular feeling had come. The accusations had spread too far. In January, 1693, the special court was supplanted by a regular Superior Court. It threw out "spectral evidence"—that is, it declined to consider the ravings of the bewitched as evidence. Only three out of fifty then indicted for witchcraft were condemned, and

none of these were executed. In May, 1693, the panic was over. By proclamation, Sir William Phipps discharged all the accused. "Such a jail delivery," says Hutchinson, "has never been known in New England," though insult was added to injury by charging the prisoners for their own board and jailers' fees!

In 1692, what was then known as Salem village may have contained four hundred houses. On the corner of Essex and North Streets stood and stands "The old witch house," Jonathan Corwin's residence. It, with the meeting-house and Thomas Beadle's tavern, is known as the scene of examinations during this American Reign of Terror. It has peaked gables, with pineapples carved in wood, surmounting latticed windows, and a colossal chimney. It has long been divested of its antique English character. In one part of the ancient building now an apothecary will sell you *Witch-hazel*. In the *Court House* to-day may be seen the witch pins; they are kept in a small bottle protected by the county seal. They are rusty, with heads formed of twisted wire. In approaching Salem by the railway from Boston, there is seen a bleak and rocky eminence, the south and west faces remaining abrupt and precipitous. On the summit is a comparatively level area of several acres. From it one can look out to sea. This is *Witch Hill*, or *Gallows Hill*. A collection of houses scattered along the old high road from Salem to Andover, a somewhat pretentious village church, and a pleasant, home-like parsonage, old trees, partly green and partly without; these make the

impression now given by the *Witch Neighborhood*.

There is one central point of interest. It is an enclosed space of grass ground, reached by a well trodden path. Here stood the *Ministry House*, so called, pulled down in 1785. This was the home of the Rev. Samuel Parris, the minister of Salem village. At this house met, of winter evenings, eight of the village maidens: Abigail Williams, aged eleven; Mary Walcut, seventeen; Ann Putnam, twelve; Mercy Lewis, seventeen; Mary Warren, twenty; Elizabeth Booth, eighteen; Sarah Churchill, twenty; Susannah Sheldon, age not known. Mr. Parris had a niece, Elizabeth, nine years old, and a servant of mixed Indian and negro blood, named Tituba. The most commonly received opinion is that these girls, having at first practised some of the well-known methods of performing magic (shown to them by the Southern servant), were led into a series of false accusations which, from being conceived in a spirit of mischief, grew into crimes as they found themselves carried away by a frenzy they had not moral courage to stay.

Another supposition holds the girls believers in their own powers. This view is sustained by the universal belief in witchcraft, the ready adhesion given to their charges, the support they received from their judges, and the terrible power with which they found themselves possessed. The accusing girls were believed infallible witch-finders. Their services were constantly in demand. In the village tavern there was a battle with spectres that Abigail Williams and Mary

Walcut declared were present. Benjamin Hutchinson and Eleazer Williams pulled out their swords and cut and stabbed the air until, as the two girls averred, the floor was deep in ghostly blood. Animals were also thought to be possessed of satan. There is record of the execution of a dog for witchcraft. The trysting-place of the witches was in Parris's pasture. People came to see the girls, who crept about through chairs and under tables on their hands and feet, barking like dogs, mewing like cats, and uttering piercing screams.

Sunday came, and when the congregation had finished singing, Abigail Williams called to Mr. Lawson who was then preaching, "Now stand up and name your text!" The minister was amazed, but he read his text. "It is a long one," said Abigail. The minister went on with his preaching. "There is a yellow bird on the minister's hat!" cried Ann Putnam. The parents of the girl were aghast, and Mr. Parris, believing they were assaulted by the devil, asked ministers of other parishes to come and hold a day of fasting and prayer. "Who bewitches you?" they asked. "Sarah Good, Sarah Osborne, and Tituba," said the girls. On March 1st, 1692, the sheriff and the constable escorted the judges, John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, from Thomas Beadle's Tavern to the meeting-house, and gave them seats in front of the pulpit. The accused women were to be examined. The girls were there; and Sarah Good was brought in by the sheriff. "Have you made a contract with the devil?" asked Justice Hathorne. "No. I do not know that the devil goes about in my likeness."

"Children, is this the person who hurts you?" "Yes; she is sticking pins into us!" and the girls screamed. "Why do you torment the children?" "I do not." And so on, with Sarah Osborne, the judges accepting as truth all that the girls said. Then, to the Indian woman, Tituba: "Why do you hurt the children?" "I do not." "Who is it, then?" "The devil, for aught I know." "Did you ever see the devil?" "Yes; he came to me and bid me serve him. Sarah Good and Sarah Osborne wanted me to hurt the children, but I would not." "How does the devil appear when he comes to you?" "Sometimes, like a great black dog." "What else have you seen?" "Two cats; one red and the other black." "How do you go to meet the devil?" "On a stick. I ride in front, and Sarah Good and Sarah Osborne behind me. We go up over the town, and soon are in Boston or anywhere else." She also said that one of the devil's imps was about three feet high, and hairy all over, and had a long nose; that he came into Mr. Parris's house and stood by the fire.

Her southern imagination evidently enlivens all her evidence! They believed her, saying: "Would she be likely to *admit* that she was a witch if she were *not* one? The girls accused her of pinching them, and she acknowledged that she did so; and the girls, therefore, were telling the truth; and Sarah Good and Sarah Osborne were telling a lie." So they were taken ten miles away and put in Ipswich jail, where Sarah Osborne died at the end of two months. The girls continued falling into convulsions, and crying that some one was

sticking pins into them. Tituba accused Martha Corey and Rebecca Morse, seventy years old—two women kind and religious. They were arrested, to the general horror of the community. Mrs. Good had a little girl, Dorcas, fifteen years old; they accused her of biting them, and showed the print of teeth on their arms. She was cast into jail, and chained with her mother. All the witches were chained, lest they should fly out through the key-hole. Sarah Cloyse and Eliz. Proctor were next accused.

The whole colony was excited; and Lieutenant Governor Danforth of Cambridge, and his Councillors—600 men—went to Salem to sit in judgment at their trial. Abigail Williams brought a horrible accusation. "I saw a company of witches at the Rev. Mr. Parris's house," she said "there were 40 of them. They had a sacrament, and Sarah Cloyse and Sarah Good were their deacons, and the witches drank blood." When Sarah Cloyse fainted at this terrible accusation, the girls went into convulsions; and John, Mr. Parris's negro, rolled upon the floor, and all cried that the witches were tormenting them. *These* women were thrust into prison. The jails were soon filled with men and women. As Hutchinson said: "The only way to prevent accusation was to become an accuser."

Among those arrested was Rev. George Burroughs, formerly of Salem, who was then living in Maine. On the 19th of August, 1692, this most eminent of the victims was hanged. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and for twenty years a

minister of the gospel. Four others died with him. Calif says: "When Mr. Burroughs was upon the ladder, he made a speech for the clearing of his innocency, with such solemn and serious expressions as were to the admiration of all present. His prayer, which he concluded by repeating the Lord's prayer (and it was believed that no witch could repeat the Lord's prayer without error) was so composed and fervent in spirit, as was very effecting. The accusers (a capital example of spectral evidence) said the black man stood and dictated to him. When he was cut down he was dragged by the halter to a hole between the rocks about two feet deep; he was so put in that one of his hands and his chin were left uncovered."

Just a month later Giles Corey perished by the *peine forte et dure* — the only instance of this in America. The old English laws applied to such cases was as follows: The prisoner was called three times to plead, and if he remained obstinate was sent to a low, dark, prison cell. He was there to be laid on the bare floor, nearly naked, and a heavy iron weight placed upon his body, but not enough to crush his life out. A little bread one day and a few sips of water the next were all that was given him. Before this heroic courage, the heart stands still with awe! Miss Mary Wilkins, in her drama, and history in its tradition, credits Giles Corey with the heroic grandeur of thus expiating the crime of having given the testimony which hanged his wife. There were other tortures to extort confession and accusation of others. Young men were tied; necks and heels until the blood burst from their nostrils.

Mother, father, grandmother and grandfather in the Jacobs family were all torn from their home, leaving alone and uncared-for the five children of the house. — the oldest, fifteen, the youngest a babe unweaned. In the pitiful case of Martha Carrier, her four children were thrown into prison with her, and terrified into giving the absurd testimony that convicted her. We must not omit giving a portion of "The Humble Petition of Mary Easty unto His Excellency Sir William Phipps." Being condemned to die, she writes thus: "I question not but Your Honours do to the utmost of your powers in the discovery and detecting of witchcraft and witches, and would not be guilty of innocent blood for the world. But, by my own innocence, I know you are in the wrong way. The Lord in His infinite mercy direct you in this great work! I would humbly beg of you that Your Honours would be pleased to examine the afflicted persons strictly, and *keep them apart some time*. I question not but you will see an alteration of these things. The Lord above, who is the searcher of all hearts, knows, as I shall answer it at the tribunal seat, that I know not the least thing of witchcraft; therefore I cannot, I dare not, belie my own soul."

Finally, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Hale, of Beverly, was accused. There was not a woman in Massachusetts more beloved, honored and respected. The people were amazed. The spell was broken at last.

Against Mather, there now, in September, 1693, entered the lists Robert Calef, a clothier. Calef addressed some letters to Dr. Mather,

in which he arraigned not only the witchcraft proceedings, but the delusion itself,—the occasion being one Margaret Rule, a young woman of Mather's own congregation, whose singular affliction had just been published to the world by him under the startling caption "Another Brand Plucked from the Burning." Robert Calef, a perfect matter-of-fact man, thoroughly honest and devoid of imagination, visited Margaret Rule when the Mathers were with her. He saw in her sufferings only a vulgar cheat. He made notes of what he had seen and submitted them to Cotton Mather. The controversy lasted for six years. In 1700, Calef's book on the subject, "More Wonders of the Invisible World," was published in London and came to Boston. Witchcraft had now come to the length of its blood-corroded chain. One of the judges, Samuel Sewall, made a humble confession on Sunday in the old South Church in Boston, and ever after kept a day of fasting and repentance once a year to manifest his sorrow that he had accepted "spectral evidence" to condemn.

The general impressions of Salem witchcraft have been derived from absorbing time passed with Mr. Upham's book. But Prof. Barrett Wendell, in reading for his work "The Life of Cotton Mather," had occasion to read the original evidence in the witch-trials. While he terms himself but a layman in science, he has been forced to the conclusion that there was fraud there—terribly tragic fraud; there is fraud now; but in both there is room for a growing doubt whether there be not

in all this, more than fraud and worse.

The nineteenth century has discarded the devil: in the seventeenth century, at least in New England, he was just as real as God. In a way, "spectral evidence" tells against the witches themselves rather startlingly. In the examination of Rebecca Morse, is the passage: "Why should not *you* also be guilty, for your apparition doth hurt also?" "Would you have me belie myself?"—She held her neck on one side, and accordingly so were the afflicted taken. A moment later—"Morse held her head on one side, and Elizabeth Hubbard (one of the sufferers) had her neck set in that posture, whereupon another patient, Abigail Williams, cried out—"Set up Goody Morse's head, the maid's head will be broken!"—and when some one set up Morse's head, it was observed that Betty Hubbard's was immediately righted.

This tells nothing whatever against Rebecca Morse. What it tells against Betty Hubbard would have seemed, a few years ago, merely that she was a deliberate and unprincipled trickster. To-day, I think it goes far to suggest that Betty Hubbard was a hypnotic subject, so far gone as to be instantly affected by the slightest suggestion from a person on whom her diseased attention was concentrated.

This is typical of things that occurred *throughout* the session of the witch-courts. Witchcraft, itself, is much more credible now than it used to be, since we see honest, intelligent *mystics* all about us—believers in Christian Science, and so on. The pin-riddled dolls hidden in the walls

of Bridget Bishop's cellar, go at least a little way to show that perhaps there were unholy experiments made; for while the actual sticking of pins into dolls could never directly hurt anything but the dolls, it *could* help a malevolent mind so to concentrate itself on the person a doll represented, as to injure him with far less effort than when there was no doll to aid it. This fresh view of an old matter is surely of interest. Professor Wendell says, further: "These wretched, bewitched girls were, in all probability, victims of hypnotic excess. In all probability, they had learned, willingly or unwillingly, to hypnotize themselves. Is there not a likelihood then that first of all, they *may* have been hypnotized by others? This toying with occult experiment was *not* as a scientific observer of the nineteenth century, but as a creed-ridden zealot of the seventeenth.

It is notable that no witch in New England was ever burned. Compared with the treatment of witches in the other countries of the world, their treatment in New England was mild.

It was the great tragedy of witchcraft that finally broke the power of theocracy. That few of the martyrs chose to buy their lives with a lie, has ennobled their memories for all time. As we think of the condemned, let this fact be emphasized in the memory, that "all who were condemned either maintained their innocence from the first, or, if overcome into a confession, voluntarily took it back and disowned it before trial. It was much to offer life in atonement for such a false confession! So the great wave of superstition, that had sent hundreds of thousands to the grave in Europe, died out in the little village of Salem in the year 1700.

GERTRUDE SAVAGE.



AUTHORS AND BOOKS

New England Legends and Folk Lore.

Mr. Samuel Adams Drake is without doubt the most voluminous writer living of New England history, and as an authority in this branch of study he is recognized by all. His books are ever welcome to the student of American history, while to those who desire to become familiar with matters relating to Boston's past they are indispensable. His latest work is entitled "New England Legends and Folk Lore." It is handsomely brought out by Roberts Brothers, the well-known publishers of Boston.

Mr. Drake says: "The recovery of many scattered legendary waifs that not only have a really important bearing upon the early history of our country, but that also shed much light upon the spirit of its ancient laws and upon the domestic lives of its people, has seemed to me a laudable undertaking.

"As in a majority of instances these tales go far beyond the time when the interior was settled, they naturally cluster about the seaboard; and it would scarcely be overstepping the limit separating exaggeration from truth, to say that every league of New England coast has its story or its legend.

"Disowned in our age of skepticism, there was once—and the time is not far remote—no part of the body politic over which what we now vaguely term the legendary did not exercise the strongest influence; so that, far from being merely a record of amusing fables, these tales, which are largely founded on fact, disclose the secret springs by which society was moved and history made. One looks beneath every

mechanical contrivance for the true origin of power. That is to assume that the beliefs of a people are the key to its social and political movements, and that history, taken in its broadest sense, cannot be truly written without having regard to such beliefs. Had the conviction that witches existed not been universal, public sentiment would never have countenanced the executions that took place in New England."

The contents of the volume, which is profusely illustrated, are divided into thirteen parts, each section containing interesting and valuable legendary tales of the following places: Boston, Cambridge, Lynn and Nahant, Salem, Marblehead, Cape Ann, Ipswich and Newbury, Hampton and Portsmouth, York, Isle-of-Shoals and Boon Island, Old Colony, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Nantucket. The author has made wise selections from famous authors of prose and poetry who have narrated some particular tale of New England folk lore, but the larger part of the book is from the pen of Mr. Drake; combined they make a volume exceedingly interesting.

["New England Legends and Folk Lore," by SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. Boston. Roberts Brothers. \$2.00.]

The Boys' Own Guide to Fishing, Tackle Making, and Fish Breeding

Such a work as this, placed in the hands of a boy, will be a continual source of pleasure and happiness. It contains just the information longed for by the great majority of boys who are so situated that they can

enjoy this most healthful of out-door sports. The knowledge here obtained will not leave them, but will aid them in passing many a quiet hour, as the boy passes on to youth, manhood, and old age. The author is an intelligent and practical fisherman, descended from a long line of fishermen, and is thoroughly qualified by experience to give all the required information. He gives the why and wherefore of all things that are likely to perplex the young angler, as well as the making of each piece of tackling, giving the methods as he has himself put in practice—all illustrated by suitable diagrams. The work is finished by a comprehensive chapter on the breeding of fishes. The author's style throughout is attractive and his directions are given in such a plain and direct manner as to be easily comprehended and appreciated.

["The Boys' Own Guide to Fishing, Tackle Making, and Fish Breeding," by JOHN HARRINGTON KEENE. Boston. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.]

The Manxman.

After a comparatively long period of silence the author of the "Deemster" and "The Scapegoat" reappears before the public with a romance which is pronounced by critics his strongest work. In "The Manxman" Mr. Caine returns to the field in which he won his first success. To this novel he has devoted the best powers of his active brain, and it embodies the most vivid pictures which his splendid imagination had drawn. It is a romance which seizes upon and enthralls the reader by its tremendous power, intense vitality, and succession of dramatic effects. In a time when so much fiction is written with the fingertip in dilettant fashion, it is like a sudden awakening to meet with a romance so deep in its analysis, so intense in feeling, and so irresistible in its hold upon the reader's imagination and intellect. Mr. Caine himself is understood to regard "The Manxman" as his strongest work, and the great success of his other books promises a remarkable career for this.

It is very strong in selection and development of a theme of great human interest—the relative duties of a naturally good man

and woman in love with each other, when by his love the man leads the woman to guilty abandonment of herself for sake of love, and while struggling between love and ambition casts her aside for ambition. It illustrates purely and sweetly how through consciousness of having sinned the woman comes to realize how much her love has cost her, and what it is required of her to do for her redemption. And it illustrates just as purely and sweetly how terribly responsible the man is, and how sure is his punishment until he atones. All this presupposes, of course, the most critical knowledge of some of the deepest motives that govern conduct. But the story is very strong in all its parts, and assures the reader of superiority of treatment, whatever the subject. And whether the subject is Manx life, manners and customs, which have a good deal of historical interest, and are fully described, or the character of an individual in portraiture, the author's art is always adequate to meet requirements. The story by its simple faith in the love of right and duty by human nature, and by its sweet sympathy and feeling in dealing with the sin and suffering of human nature, has rare sources of great strength.

["The Manxman," by HALL CAINE. New York. D. Appleton & Co.]

Philip and His Wife.

"Philip and His Wife," which has appeared as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* since the opening of the present year, is now issued in book form, and unquestionably will take its position among the notable books of the present year. It is more ambitious in its scope than were its predecessors, and as a literary production it is executed with more care and thoughtfulness, and with a riper literary style, than we find in either of them. The book in these respects may challenge comparison with the best American novels, and it would be difficult to find its superior in any of the works of fiction that have been recently sent us from abroad.

"Philip and His Wife" is a novel written with a purpose, as the phrase is; that is to say, its author intended to illustrate in it one of the dangers of our modern form of

society. The subject of divorce from marriage is its theme in this point of view. It is not to be classed as a didactic novel, however. It is much more a dramatic one, and it is, most of all, a strong and effective study of human character. We confess to the belief that the didactic novel is in danger of being overdone. The novel-reading public do not crave sermons in their fiction; they do not hunger and thirst after much of argument in the mouths of fictitious characters. So able and in many respects so important a book as Mrs. Humphry-Ward's "Marcella" goes to the utmost verge of what is appropriate in this point of view, if it does not at times pass over it, and is redeemed only by the manifest power of its pages. We think Mrs. Deland is much more successful here. There is argument, too, in her story, but it never delays or impedes the story's interest. The book has the advantage of Mrs. Humphry-Ward's in being more condensed, and the argument in it is more in the atmosphere of what is appropriate to a novel. The book has not a dull page, thanks to the felicity and finish of the style. The attention is never diverted from the story to the argument. The latter is strictly incidental. Mrs. Deland's object is first of all to tell a story, and there is no good novel-writing which does not keep this primarily in view. Her book is therefore always dramatic. It holds the reader's absorbed attention in all its pages by the interest which the characters invoke, and the charm of its style enhances this attraction.

["Philip and His Wife," by MRS. MARGARET DELAND. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Our Colonial Homes.

A book with a purpose, is this delightful volume presented by Mr. Drake, covering a century and a half of Colonial life,—its homes, historically and architecturally united with the history of men who made them famous.

Very forcible the statement in its preface, viz., that "these old houses are a legacy from the past, of which the present generation are only trustees." To those who may come after, an account of this stewardship must be given, and what greater pride than that they should count among the character-

istics of their ancestors, a love and veneration of *home*,—whether cottage or palace, still ever "*Sweet Home*?"

The pen of Mr. Drake presents in such a delightful manner the history of early times, that the reader is fascinated and enthusiastic in perusal.

The Hancock-house, in Boston, is the opening illustration, followed by the life of the merchant whose home it was, and whose signature to the "Declaration of Independence" is still the proud inheritance of his descendants. In the story of one life, is woven those of many of the old families connected with it. Among those introduced in this colonial record are Gov. Craddock, Edward Everett, the Olivers, Minots, Quineys, Adamses, James Otis, Paul Revere, and John Howard Payne.

The notable houses described include the old Church at Hingham, Mass., the "Witch-House" at Salem, the old Indian House at Deerfield, and the "Way-side Inn" in Sudbury.

["Our Colonial Homes," by SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. Illustrated. Cloth, full gilt edges. Size 7½x11¼ inches. Boston. Lee & Shepard. Boxed, price \$2.50.]

Abandoning an Adopted Farm.

Kate Sanborn's new book, "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," is a companion-piece to the amusing history she wrote several years ago, entitled "Adopting an Abandoned Farm." The pair will henceforth travel in company, making one of the cleverest, not to say unique, revelations of New England character it is my good fortune to have encountered. Underlying all the drollery of the author, her spirit of fun and keen sense of the ludicrous, there is much valuable insight into the new fashion of "farming," and the ways that are dark and peculiar to the native soil. Having abandoned her adopted farm and settled into a home that will never be abandoned, it is hoped adventures and mishaps are not to end. For should everything go smoothly, it is feared Miss Sanborn's future readers would not have so much to laugh at with her as in the past.

["Abandoning an Adopted Farm," by KATE SANBORN. New York, D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.]



BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD.

IT does not seem inappropriate at the threshold of *PLAYERS AND PLAYS* to determine what we shall consider to be a *play* and what *criticism*; for by certain standards we would judge and be judged.

It is with no enjoyable anticipation that I am forced to regard the theatre as it is to-day here in Boston, and seek to find therein a criterion of the playwright's art.

The drama at first was the attempt to clothe dialogue in habits of reality; the theme itself was the only thing originally considered; then were added such auxiliaries as masks, individual costumes, the music of the chorus, and, last of all, an attempt at scenic effect. But all these aids were used with discretion, as judicious frames that did not of themselves attract the attention to the detriment of the picture. It was so with the Greeks. The Greek theatre, whether through the romantic tragedies of Aeschylus or Sophocles, or the realistic dramas of Menander, or the comedies of Aristophanes, always expounded a theory or pointed out a *morale*—detailed or suggested. The *motif* of the Roman play was invariably one of satire. As the Roman emperors, after a century of persecution of the Christians, discovered in the religion of the Nazarene a formidable ally to temporal power and fostered it as such, so, a thousand years later, the Christian church recognized the scenic value of the play and fashioned it into a medium for the elucidation of the Scriptures. Such elucidations were the Miracle Plays and the Moralities of the pre-Elizabethan era. However, the theatre

was not long to remain as the substitute, or even as the speaking trumpet, of the pulpit. The very elements through which it had appealed to the Fathers could no more be restrained within the limits of a dogma than Pegasus would have suffered himself to fly with the weight of Aristotle; those elements appealed not to the intellect but to the imagination, and the artist came, who was to mould the cold, shapeless clay of the ethical temple into a living figure of the imagination, existing by and for art itself—*l'art pour l'art*. Such a spirit governed the consciences of the best of the Elizabethans: Massenger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Marlowe, Jonson, and Shakespeare; such was the sentiment of Corneille, Racine, and Molière. Perhaps this period marks as near perfection in dramatic representation as we shall ever have it. At that time the theatre was patronized by the presence and subsidies of an intellectual aristocracy—in the pure Hellenic sense of that degenerate word—and it was to the highest intelligence—I do not mean simply erudite minds—that the playwright was obliged to appeal if he desired an audience. Such patronage stimulated the artist to the expression of his finest emotions. He climbed Parnassus through the light of the *beautiful*, whose rays were a sustenance dearer to him than bread.

We know that it is not so now; but why?

The answer is simple.

Then, the aristocracy of the intellectual governed in letter and in spirit the productions of the theatre. Now, they do not. With the

blessings of freedom have come certain inalienable rights, so called, and the illiterate masses armed with dollars and municipal votes must be given a hearing, their instincts pandered to, and their appetites satiated. They have certain ideas concerning art and moral philosophy and other things, which, as they form the governing majority, must receive consideration. I have not the space at my disposal to enumerate examples of their depravity in naming the plays that "make the unskilful laugh, and the judicious grieve," nor can I afford to discuss the question of immorality in a play from any point of view, believing that morality *per se* has nothing whatever to do with art; but as to its *essence*, there seems to me to be a difference between the immorality of a mighty, absorbing passion and the immorality of bestial craving; the latter is the true enemy of civilization, a sure sign of the social degeneration that harbingers disintegration and dissolution.

To-day, human nature makes many and varied demands upon the playwright's art. Instruct me, says one; amuse me, says another; make me laugh; make me weep; horrify me; console me, etc., etc.

In response, innumerable plays have been produced, every one containing, to a more or less degree, the emotions called for, but brought by the predominating influence under the three general heads: the tragedy, the comedy, and the narrative play.

A play from its very nature combines the qualities of the picture and the novel, description and action; to these is added another quality, that of method or arrangement of characters and text.

A play may be said to be made up of four elements: characters (and their speeches); scenes, acts, and the play entire.

Characters bear the same relation to scenes that acts do to the play; all are subject to three tests: unity, emphasis, and coherence. Take, for example, the play as a whole; its unity consists in its evolving one central idea to which all others are subordinate; its emphasis, in the placing of important acts in important places; and its coherence, in the proper relation of acts to their environment. The same analysis is made of character; scene, and act, until the edifice is completed. In a word: the construction of a play should be logical and harmonious; logic may be

sacrificed to harmony, but harmony never to logic.

More than this said to establish a criterion for judgment would savor both of tradition and prejudice.

* * * * *

It is probably true that the artist creates the epoch; it is certain that the epoch creates the critic. In the development of criticism there have been, it seems to me, three epochs each with distinct characteristics: depreciation, patronage, appreciation. Depreciation or unjust fault-finding was the spirit of the writers of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries; patronage or inordinate praise, the temper of the last part of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries; and just appreciation is the avowed aim of the critics of to-day.

To arrive at this just appreciation three classes of critics have evolved.

First, there is the critic who, having formulated his law and expounded his doctrine of criticism, sets about to drive the poor artist whither he sees fit, and force him into the straight-jacket of his own egotism. Pope's essay on Criticism is at once the theory and practice of this class; a class whose epitaph was written by Macaulay, but which continues to exist in spirit in the conscientious writings of M. Brunetière, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But Pegasus will not be ridden so; he is apt to take the bit in his mouth and range the country and trample the ghosts of the pedant's dictum into the dust.

Then came the critic, who imagined that he beheld a new truth rising Phœnix-like from the destruction wrought by the clashing of classicism and romanticism, or rather an old truth in a new light: that it was the duty of the critic to examine, to enquire, to investigate, to analyze, and, without prejudice, to expound, but never to judge; or, from an opposite point of view:—Neque flere, neque ridere, neque admirare, neque contemnere, sed intelligere. Surely that is a laudable employment—for a judge before his jury. The case is heard and is then explained, facts alone are dealt with, no ideas suggested, no opinions expressed; it is a summary of testimony—sworn testimony, the jury, who is the public, is called upon to believe. But alas, for the frailty of human susceptibility, that man is not yet a registering

machine; whatever he may grasp as facts rarely leaves him without bearing away some of the pollen of his own personality and egotism. No man can regard a work of art in a purely impersonal and disinterested way; the very nature of the subject forbids it. Speaking of this pseudo-scientific criticism James Russell Lowell says:

"If there were any recognized standard in criticism as in apothecaries' measure, so that, by adding a grain of praise to this scale or taking away a scruple of blame from that, we could make the balance manifestly even in the eyes of all men, it might be worth while to weigh Hannibal, but when each of us stamps his own weights and warrants the impartiality of his own scales, perhaps the experiment may be wisely foregone."

Then, there is the critic who knows no law but his own temperament, and no standard but the ideal figure evoked by the sensibility of his own emotions. He explains, judges, and passes sentence; but these sentences are transitory, and a different point of view taken the next day may totally change their nature. For him no absolute, stable, and immutable opinion can be given of a work of art; it all depends upon impression and expression—the impression made upon his mind and the expression of emotions thus called forth; it is one thing to-day, another thing to-morrow, and something else next week; withal, it is personal and bears the impress of individuality; according to this individuality is the worth reckoned; in it the man is of more importance than the method.

In these pages I shall attempt nothing but honest expression of my own conception as it is at the moment; an appeal to classic standards to verify my vagaries must not be looked for.

The Month at the Theatres.

In looking over my diary for the past month I am struck by a certain sameness, a certain monotony of expression that I find I have employed to describe plays that have left on my mind no lasting impression, either of excellence, or of badness; in other words, it is the praise and blame unconsciously allotted to sheer mediocrity. A mediocrity rich in dramatic productions, with shifting scenes and orchestral accompaniment, but nearly barren as to good plays.

THE FIRST WEEK.—October 1 to October 6.—At the Boston Theatre, *The Old Homestead*. There are certain melodramas, in the technical meaning of the word—a dramatic performance, accompanied by songs or music—that appeal to our sensibilities solely through the medium of fragmentary pictures of human existence, which bear very little logical or climaxical relation to each other, but which are in themselves complete and harmonious. Such a series of pictures is *The Old Homestead*. The benign old gentleman who appears from time to time before the view, bearing everywhere the atmosphere of rural honor, sincerity, and wit, is the embodiment of the ideal Yankee Farmer. As such, he is interesting as all ideals are; in reality, his type has long ceased to exist, but has left in passing the memory of a gentle, kindly, honest creature who "trusted in God and kept his powder dry, and owed no man a penny." Such a memory, *The Old Homestead* reawakens with all the homely pathos that formed its native environment. And human nature is better for it, too.

Boston Museum—Prince Pro Tem.

Hollis Street Theatre—Miss Ada Rehan in *Love on Crutches*, *As You Like It*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. I have often wondered whether it were consummate art, or a magnetic personality, or judicious advertising that has made Miss Ada Rehan "incomparable." Years ago, before her advent in Shakspeare's comedies and the *Silver Image*, I, with many other youths, believed that Miss Rehan could act. I still try to believe so; it is hard to forswear entirely childish tradition. The deplorable fact that there are no giants or fairies casts a shadow over our young lives, and makes us doubt the sincerity of humanity. I very much fear I have lost faith in Miss Ada Rehan as an artist, but not before she lost faith in her art. For me, art ceases to be art the moment the mechanism is revealed. Lately the mechanism of Miss Rehan's acting has been painfully apparent to me; the veiling of spontaneity has vanished; her former artistically conceived characters have become conventional skeletons over which flap the grave clothes of an expiring genius. Meanwhile, we shall still go to see her and applaud her wriggles, her poses, and her simpering phrasing—as long as the London public applauds her, and her statue in silver remains untarnished.

Tremont Theatre—Duff Opera Company in *The Mikado*, with special Japanese attractions.

Columbia Theatre—On the Mississippi by Mr. William Haworth. On the Mississippi is the summary of American melodrama for the past ten years. It is a zany of Kit the Arkansas Traveller, three Fireside Companions, and two copies of Old Sleuth's detective library. In it we find the old time plot, with variations: the naughty young woman and the wicked man, who combine forces to work desolation among the righteous; a sheriff, a mountain girl, an assassin, and a Yankee detective, all of the conventional stage type, who act in the conventional stage style, and get off the conventional stage jokes. In writing the play Mr. Haworth probably thought that he would pound into one dramatic production the surviving ingredients of the American melodrama. As a paroxysm of hair-raising sensations it is without a rival.

Park Theatre—George Thatcher's Minstrel and Comedy Company. It is a shame to our taste of grotesque humor that minstrelsy is passing away. But then we have its white caricature in the plays of Mr. Hoyt, and should be satisfied.

Bowdoin Square Theatre—The New South as played by Phoebe Davies and Mr. Joseph Grismer.

Grand Opera House—Richard Golden in *Old Jed Prouty*.

SECOND WEEK.—October 8 to October 13.—Boston Theatre—Denman Thompson still receives his friends at *The Old Homestead*.

Boston Museum—Prince Pro Tem and Tommy Tompkins still continue.

Hollis Street Theatre—Marie Jansen in *Miss Dynamite*. *Miss Dynamite* is an attempt by some playwright to give a dramatic production that shall in no way overstep the histrionic limits of Miss Jansen. In this he has had entire success. Miss Jansen sings, skips about the stage, eats, and drinks wine, all with becoming grace and perfect naturalness. Those who are fond of seeing Miss Jansen do these things will appreciate the performance; others may not. But shades of Murger and Paul de Kock! who told thee, oh guileless playwright, such absurdities about the *Quartier Latin*? Was it Mr. Richard Harding Davis?

Tremont Theatre—Helen Dauvray in

That Sister of His. Miss Dauvray is a vivacious actress who seems to thoroughly enjoy herself when playing the parts of horsey women. She must therefore find more than ordinary enjoyment in the character of the alleged up-to-date young widow in *That Sister of His*. A young married man, given to falling in love with every pretty face, is cured of this spasmodic affection by his sister—a long-lost sister, whom he does not recognize. This sister is the dashing widow “up-to-date and slightly given to slang.” I have seen dashing widows dash on the stage before but never one dash as this one dashes. It simply takes your breath away; and you go home wondering if there *really* are such widows, and half admit to yourself that you would like to see one—through a spy-glass.

Columbia Theatre—On the Mississippi.

Park Theatre—Fanny Rice in her new English comedy, *Miss Innocence Abroad*.

Bowdoin-Square Theatre—The Cotton King. A good type of the English melodrama, heretofore exemplified by *The Lights O' London*, *The Silver King*, *Hands Across the Sea*, and *The Soudan*. The mechanism of the scenery with its truthfulness to reality is marvellous. As a play, the piece is like hundreds of others—neither good nor bad. But I shall remember it always as a monument in the science of stagecraft.

Grand Opera House—Pawn Ticket 210.

THIRD WEEK.—October 15 to October 20.—Boston Theatre—The audiences have been steadily increasing at *The Old Homestead* owing to the rumor that its kindly, gentle host was to draw shutters and bolt doors for a few seasons.

Boston Museum—Tommy Tompkins and Prince Pro Tem.

Hollis Street Theatre—The Amazons, a satire on bloomers and the “New Woman,” a one act farce-comedy expanded into a three-act farcical romance. The story is this: a masculine wife and an unfeminine husband have prayed for boys; heaven sends them girls—three of them. The fond parents show their derision of the decree of heaven by bringing them up as unfeminine girls. They are jolly good fellows, who ride, shoot, and smoke, but alas! before the play is, through they prove themselves unequal to the standard of the “New Woman,” vociferated through the Heavenly Twins, by falling in love. They do

this naturally, without exaggeration, almost without effort. The play is graced by some of Mr. Pinero's finest phrases, and wit and fun abound; there is nothing vulgar, nothing repulsive; it is all very delicious.

Tremont Theatre — Rice's Surprise Party in 1492.

Columbia Theatre — Harry Lacy in *The Man of the West*. This is a play of incidents and scenic effects.

Park Theatre — M. B. Curtis in *Sam'l of Posen*.

Bowdoin-Square Theatre — *The Cotton King* still reigns.

Grand Opera House — *A Baggage Check*.

FOURTH WEEK. — October 22 to October 27. — Boston Theatre — *In Old Kentucky*. A Kentucky Colonel, hero, heroine, and an arch-villain; dynamite bombs and duels, barn burning and horse racing, genuine negroes and a lynching party, are the ingredients Mr. C. P. Long has employed in the construction of his piece; the result — a patchwork in vivid colors, pyrotechnical in verbiage, acrobatical in acting; in short, a performance such as the gallery gods love to witness, and those below, remembering the forbidden books of their youth, regard with indulgent eyes. There are faults of technique — but shoo! That upon which the gods have set their approval let no mortal blame.

Boston Museum — *The Prince Pro Tem* still sings Tommy Tompkins how d'ye do.

Hollis Street Theatre — *The Amazons*.

Tremont Theatre — Rice's Surprise Party in 1492.

Columbia Theatre — *Sowing the Wind*, a drama in four acts by Mr. Sydney Grundy. This is a strong play well conceived and artistically executed. It may be well to reiterate here what I have stated before: that morality has nothing to do with art; true art cannot be immoral. This is said for the benefit of those who believe that Shakespeare wrote *Othello* for the sole purpose of showing the deplorable consequences of a lie: Desdemona: — "It is not lost; but what an if it were?" The theme of the play is as follows: Ned Annesley loves and would marry Rosamond, a virtuous girl but a public singer. His adopted father opposes the match as Rosamond is discovered to be an illegitimate child whose mother ultimately went to the bad. When near the end of the play the adopted father, Mr. Brabazon, finds

out that Rosamond is his own child whose mother he had deserted believing her faithless, which she was not, he consents to the match. He does this all the more willingly because he believes that his unwarranted desertion of his mistress was in a great measure to blame for her later depravity. This is surely very shocking, but that is nothing to the shocks produced, when upon analysis we discover that the author, while ostensibly parading the Biblical axiom that man's sin will find him out, subtly injects the virus of unbelief in the second commandment, and advocates the absurd doctrine that society should be as severe toward the man who sinned as the woman sinned against. This, to our sensitive, provincial, and puritanical temperament, is of course very painful. And then again, what does the construction of the play amount to? Simply the reiteration of the story of sin, told through every rhetorical trope, by nearly every character in the play. It is upon words not acts that the play moves; a movement that is slow, unequal. Notwithstanding the above phrases, the play is one of the strongest and most artistic dramas on our stage to-day.

Park Theatre — *Sam'l of Posen*.

Bowdoin-Square Theatre — *The Cotton King*.

Grand Opera House — John L. Sullivan.

The Plays during November.

Boston Theatre — *In Old Kentucky*.

Boston Museum — *Prince Pro Tem*.

Hollis Street Theatre — Oct. 29, Palmer Cox's *Brownies*; Nov. 12, *The Empire Stock Company* in *Liberty Hall*; Nov. 19, E. H. Southern in *Victoria Cross* and *A Way to Win a Woman*.

Tremont Theatre — Rice's Surprise Party in 1492; Nov. 12, Francis Wilson in *The Devil's Deputy*.

Columbia Theatre — *Sowing the Wind*.

Park Theatre — Oct. 29, *The American Travesty Company* in *Off the Earth*; Nov. 19, Richard Mansfield in *répertoire*; Nov. 26, Edward Harrigan in *A Leather Patch* and others.

Bowdoin-Square Theatre — *The Cotton King*.

Grand Opera House — Oct. 29, James Connor Roach in *Rory of the Hill*; Nov. 5, James O'Neil in *répertoire*.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE BOSTONIAN has, to use an Americanism, "caught on." That there was a field for just such a publication is attested by the immediate success of this magazine. The presses printed a number sufficient, so the publishers thought, to more than meet the demands for "another magazine," but eight days after the first copy was put on sale the supply was exhausted, while a few days later not a copy could be bought. This fact is known to scores of disappointed people, who, after failing to obtain the BOSTONIAN at the news-stands, came to this office feeling sure of securing the periodical, but were compelled to go away empty-handed.

Such being the case, we advise those who were fortunate to procure the first number to preserve it, but if they do not care to, and it is in good condition, bring it to this office and we will buy it; we have customers waiting for them.

This number must forever be excluded from our list of back numbers.

Just a word regarding the color of the outside cover: They were printed at night, and in order to have them in condition for the binder a "dryer" was added to the ink, this "killed" the color, and gave it a faded appearance, so very trying to the eye. We hope the cover of the November number is more satisfactory.

We have secured the services of Mr. Walter Littlefield as Dramatic Editor, and feel confident that his opinions in this line will have some

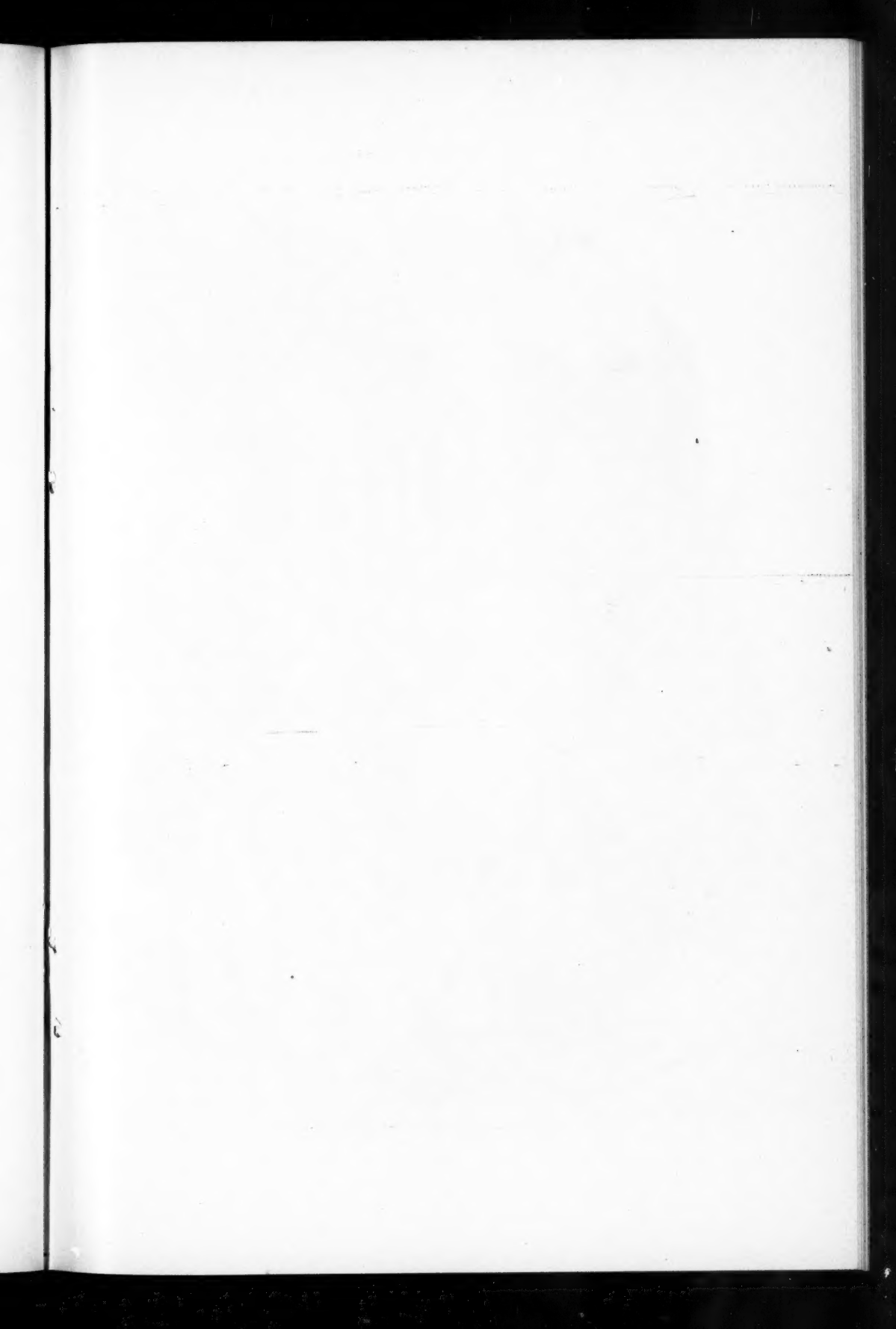
weight. He is a clever, scholarly writer, with a poetic style that gives whatever he does a distinct literary charm.

In the hurry and confusion of a first issue, several errors occurred in the October number of THE BOSTONIAN. In the article entitled "The Boston Theatre," on the first page *Board* alley is intended, not *Broad*. On page eighteen in the cast of "The Rivals" the following corrections should be made: Moses W. Fiske instead of Mr. Fish. Mr. Fiske was the husband of the lady in the company bearing the same name. N. T. Davenport is correct, not E. L. The initial S. should precede that of D. to Mr. Johnson's name.

In the Biographical Sketch of Prominent Men in the Shoe and Leather Trade a paragraph in reference to Mr. William Franklin Mullin, page 75, reads as follows: "The business was succeeded in turn by Linus B. Cousins & Co." It should read, Linus B. Comins & Co.

One error occurred in Mr. Wiggin's article, "A House and a Name," page 89, line 41, the types say, "Central (or Centre) Street." It should be North Centre Street.

The next issue will be our "Holiday Number," and we pride ourselves in the fact that it will be one of the most attractive and interesting of the December Magazines. New features of value are to be added, and extra attention is to be given to illustration, while the literary feature will be all that is desired.





THE COURT OF VICE. See page 235.]